JULY 27, 1940

Liberty 5¢

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN? A NEW NOVEL OF MURDER AND PASSION by HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

HOW HITLER REGIMENTS SEX by PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

BOTH ARE DANGEROUS!

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* * *

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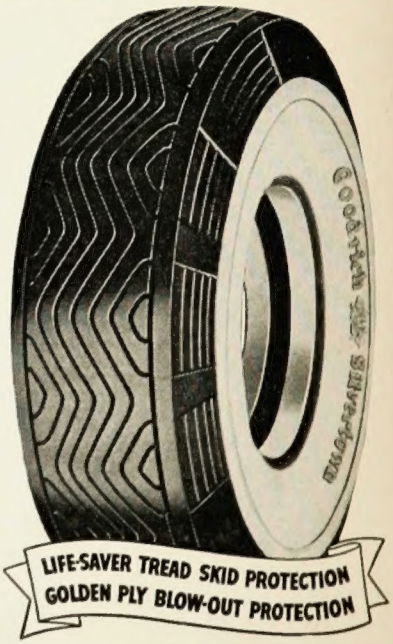

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

JULY 27, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 30

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

AMERICANISM—
OPEN DECLARATION DEMANDED

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The time has come when we should separate the sheep from the goats. Everywhere in this country the very air seems to be loaded with dynamite. We view the situation in Europe. We read of the slaughter of noncombatants—women and children. Civilization has apparently turned to savagery in many countries. Modern enlightenment appears to be meaningless and often inhuman, and it has been maintained that we are sitting on a powder keg that is liable to be fired at any time.

Congressman Dies has given us details that are appalling. The fifth column has been working unrestricted, and yet many of us pass on our way nonchalantly—often realizing the possible dangers we are facing, but resigned, at least partly, to our own helplessness in this menacing situation.

After years of shameful neglect by Madam Perkins in harboring foreign traitors, our officials have finally awakened. At last our Chief Executive has acted. He has given the Department of Commerce the responsibility of dealing with these foreign fanatics, and we hope these traitors will now be tagged and, wherever possible, deported. Thousands of these unwelcome visitors have been accepting our hospitality and at the same time working with fanatical zeal for the overthrow of our system of government.

Hitler's system, when he first took over the German Republic, was cruelly ruthless. He concluded that he had to amalgamate the various groups into one harmonious body. "Heil, Hitler!" was a rigid requirement, and those who failed to comply were dealt with severely. Concentration camps were one of the penalties, though the death sentence was freely used.

We are a democracy. We have dealt leniently with all kinds of fanatical theorists, but the time has come when we too must protect our people from the dangers we are facing. We must cement the various loyal patriotic groups into one harmonious whole.

You can be a Democrat or a Republican, or a member of any party, or even a Communist, as long as you believe in and faithfully respect the principles of Americanism. You can be a follower of any religious creed. You can preach any doctrine. You can advocate the wildest kind of theories. But, whatever your beliefs may be politically, religiously, or otherwise, they must be in harmony with the principles of Americanism so wisely guided by the constitutional government laid down by our pioneer ancestors.

We are all Americans. First, last, and all the time, we must stand for Americanism; and at this particular time, with revolution stalking skeleton-like throughout Europe, those who do not believe in our system—those who are trying to overthrow the principles which have enabled us to build the greatest nation the world has ever known—those who are opposed to our brand of Americanism—should be checked by penalties sufficiently severe to be effective.

And there should be no hesitation—to save our nation—to save our country from the horrible experience that Europeans have endured. It may be necessary for us to use concentration camps and even more severe penalties, but protection we must have.

We should have a button or some other insigne that every patriotic American in this country will proudly wear, indicating his adherence to our principles of government. Those who believe in America should wear this button as a pledge of loyalty. Let those who advocate foreign isms stand out distinctly in a separate group. They should be known. Their principles should be loudly proclaimed by their failure to wear this patriotic insigne.

Congress has donated billions for defense, but action has been too long deferred. We should be protected from these foreign traitors in this country, and there should be no further delay.

Action and more action is desperately needed. Let us separate the sheep from the goats!

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, page 55

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
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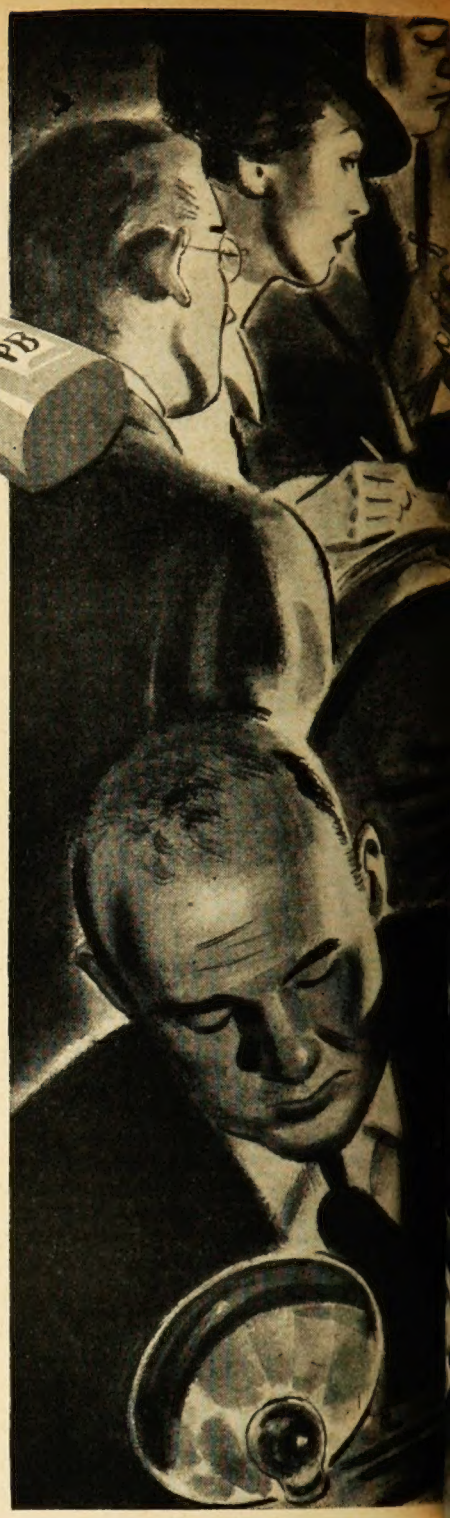
BEGINNING

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?



Mystery, thrills! An exciting new novel of murder, passion, and romance in 1940 New York

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE RAVISHING RACKETEER

JEFFREY LINSCOTT blinked in the bright light of the midmorning sun as he pressed his palms hard against aching temples and groaned. What in heaven's name had wakened him? What the—

The doorbell broke in, shrill and insistent. Let 'em ring. He sank back into bed and pulled the covers over his head. The ringing continued. Damn! Some one had put a pin in the bell. He got up, clutched a bathrobe, and fumbled for slippers. At the door he swayed slightly and jerked irritably at the knob.

"What the— Oh, it's you."

The girl who walked over the threshold was petite, with an upturned nose and a hard little glitter in her blue eyes and a wry little smile on her brightly painted lips. She looked expensive and chic.

"Forgive me, Jeff darling, for walking in on you practically in the middle of the night." Her voice was crisp and firm, and it was plain that she wasn't at all disturbed at the idea of disturbing him or any one else.

"Yeah," he grunted sleepily. "What's the idea?"

She walked through the foyer and into the living room, drawing off her gloves and surveying the disorder of the apartment. "Such a pigpen you live in! Why don't you have a maid to clean up once in a while?"

"Maids cost money."

"What's the matter? Momma keeping you on short rations, trying to bring you to terms on something?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Stop me if I'm wrong, but somehow or other I've got an idea that you're not in a very good humor this morning."

She looked at him more closely. There was gray in his tough black hair, and under the eyes there were little puffy sacs of dissipation and liquor and late hours. And the eyes themselves were blue, a trifle bleary.

She seemed to melt slightly. She put her arm around his shoulder. "Jeff, old dear, what you need is a drink. Sit still; I'll get it for you." She crossed to the cellarette and brought out Scotch and soda and two tall glasses and mixed two tall drinks. "But don't," she said as she handed him one of them, "don't mistake me—"

He took a long swallow, and sank back with a hoarse sigh into one of the easy chairs. "O. K. What is it?"

She stretched out in a chair opposite and lit a cigarette. "Tell me something, Jeff. How many years is it you're living off Momma?"

"Oh, twenty-odd."

"And how much dough has she doled out to you?"

"How should I know? I never was good at addition."

"No; subtraction is your strong point, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you'd subtracted something like two, three million dollars from Momma. From Momma and the Ballinger estate. The yacht she bought you cost a million and a half alone. And then there have been polo ponies, and there was that time you tossed off fifty thousand dollars at Tia Juana—"

"All right, all right; so what?"

"So it's got to stop."

"Why so frightfully moral all of a sudden?"

"It's not morals that bother me, Jeff. You ought to know that. If you want to be a kept man—well, it's nice work if you can get it, and I hope you do. But not on *my* money, dearie."

"But it isn't your money really, dearie." He smirked triumphantly.

She regarded him with sudden wary caution. "Jeff, you wouldn't be so low-down dirty mean as to—"

In the years that followed, Moira Ballinger was a frequent source of copy.

He cut her short with a good-natured laugh. "Of course not, Pat darling. I was just teasing you. Forgive me. And go ahead. What was it you were saying?"

"I'm by way of delivering an ultimatum. Either you lay off Momma and get yourself a job or another sugar momma, or I'll stick all kinds of monkey wrenches into everybody's works. Yours and hers included."

"Of course you know, when it comes to slinging monkey wrenches, I've got a few on hand myself."

She made no reply. He grinned and took another swig at his glass. "Look, Pat. Would it relieve your mercenary young mind to know that I'm getting married?"

He paused, and she brightened with comprehension. "I catch on. You've discovered a richer mine."

"Dearie, you read me like a book."

"Well, who is she?"

"Lillian Gillespie."

"Old Oil-and-Copper Gillespie's daughter?"

"Yes."

"Young enough to be your daughter. She can't be more than a few years older than I am. How'd you get round your past? Your past and my old lady are a pretty fierce combination for any gal to swallow."

"I confessed all and became a repentant sinner begging to be saved from the mire of my own misdeeds by the uplifting quality of her love."

Her brows knit in a puzzled frown. "Why didn't you ever marry Momma?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "She was always too possessive, I suppose. If I'd married her I would have felt like I was in the clutches of an octopus. As it was, I ate my cake and had it too."

"That's what I've been worrying

BY HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

about. The more Momma spends on you the less will come to me. But this Gillespie gal. Why *marry* her? Why not pull the same game on her as you have on Momma all these years?"

He shook his head. "Won't do. She's got an old man who'd raise hell at anything like that."

"And how much is all this costing her old man?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand cash. That is, in the beginning. It isn't the initial cost, you know; it's the upkeep."

She grinned. "Incidentally, did you tell her—"

"Of course not. Some things are sacred," he said.

"And when are you breaking the news to Momma?"

"Oh, tonight probably."

"Well, that being the case, thank heaven I no longer live in the same house with her. It'll be tough on Aunt Ollie. She has to bear the brunt of Momma's tantrums now, with Sid and Dave gone."

At the mention of Sid and Dave she grew sober, softened a little. "Poor guys," she said. "Maybe I better give each of 'em a ring and oil up the checkbook. Trouble is, Dave's one of these proud ones, and Sid needs a lot more than I can raise even with my own special racket."

"You know, you really ought to cut me in on that racket."

She answered with a vague gesture of her hand and quickly changed the subject.

AT the breakfast table at his home in Mount Vernon, Sidney Ballinger opened the Times with nervous fingers.

Across the table his wife studied him calmly but with troubled eyes. From the stairs there came the racketing of children dressing, shouting from room to room. He flung down the paper.

"Ellen, can't you keep those children quiet in the morning?"

"I can," she replied quietly, "but I won't. It's natural for children to make noise—especially when they've just wakened."

His glance fell. "I'm all jittery. The Partridge & Behr note is due this week, and if we don't meet it . . ." His shoulders hunched in an expressive gesture.

The maid brought eggs and bacon.

"Sid—do you—have you—I mean, your stepmother . . . Can't you borrow on—on your prospects?"

"You mean on the strength of the fact that when she dies I'll inherit a third of the estate?" He laughed harshly. "She's fifty, but she looks thirty-five and she has the health of six horses. She may live forty years more. And at the rate she's been going these last twenty years there won't be any estate left. Pat's the only one who seems able to get any money out of her now."

"But, Sid, you can try. You *must* try." She was passionate in her urging. "The business—our home—the children—"

His haggard eyes met hers. "All right—maybe—"

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUKER

IN a dingy cold-water flat in a foreign section of the city, a girl stood over an old iron stove and stirred oatmeal and wondered if there would be enough to go around. There were Jo and Florrie and Stan and Ruth. And of course Dave and herself. Jo must have plenty. It took strength to run Western Union messages all over town. Jo must have plenty. Florrie too. She'd never really gotten over the flu.

The girl stared out of the window that opened onto the dark well of a grimy courtyard. But her eyes were tender as she heard a step behind her, and turned to face the man standing in the doorway.

"Dave!" It was like a swift shaft of light.

He crossed the room and kissed her, shook her gently. "Why didn't you waken me?"

She laughed. "Just an old Polish custom. The wife gets up and makes her master's breakfast."

"Master hell! I'm your slave and you know it," laughed Dave.

He kissed her again where the dark hair curled up from the warm hollow behind her ear. She pushed him gently from her and looked at him. Her dark brows were almost on a level with his, for she was a tall strong girl.

His eyes were blue and he was fair-haired and young, but with a youth that seemed embittered, and already there were scars around mouth and eyes. The chin was enigmatic.

"Anything you want me to do?" he said. "Anything we need from the store?"

"We—" She broke off and her laughing mouth tightened. "No—we've got plenty. Go get the kids up."

He went into the next room, and there came rowdy sounds and shrill screeches. It was good they liked him, those young brothers and sisters. When seven people live in three small dark rooms, it's easier if there's liking. No, not seven—only six now.

Mom. Up at Bellevue. Six weeks. The doctors were saying she must go away from the city heat.

Milk, eggs, green vegetables, and sunshine for Florrie. On the eleven dollars a week Jo brought in. And yesterday the doctor at the clinic had told her . . .

She went to the cupboard and reached down a worn, battered pocketbook and fingered the money in it. Three one-dollar bills, a little silver. Three forty-seven to last until Saturday, when Jo got paid. And this was only Tuesday. And the rent was due tomorrow. It hadn't been paid for three weeks.

She doled out the oatmeal and poured coffee into three thick china cups. The children trooped in and took their places. Dave followed slowly. He tried to catch his wife's glance, but it was downcast, smoldering.

And presently they were gone—Jo to work and Ruth and Stan and Florrie to school, leaving David Ballinger and his wife Paula, who had been Paula Maslach, alone.

She flung herself down into a chair opposite her young husband, her mouth grim, her eyes hard. His gaze met hers, and in that glance there flashed in despairing review all the brief months of their marriage. The first fanfare of publicity trumpets when David Ballinger of Ballinger's, Inc., married one of the clerks in the great department store on which the Ballinger fortune rested—a Polish immigrant girl from an East Side slum . . . and then the ugly theatricalism that followed. . . .

"Dave! We've got to have money. We've *got* to." She paused. "We're going to have a baby."

His hands gripped the edge of the table.

"No—no—"

"Why not?" she cut in, fierce and challenging. "Why shouldn't I have a baby? Why haven't I got a right to as well as any one else? Because we're poor, because we're going to be evicted if we can't pay the rent, because there

"You mean Mrs. Ballinger has committed suicide in the same manner as her husband did?"

isn't enough for those that are already here. And why isn't there enough? Because we've been cheated for years!" Her voice rose high and shrill now.

"For twenty years my father worked for Ballinger's, Inc., and when he was too old to shift packing boxes around they kicked him out and he died. And for years I worked for 'em, and I got kicked out too, and so did you because you married me. My father and I and you and thousands of others made money for Ballinger's, Inc., but we didn't get it. Oh, no! *She* got it. She got it to spend on that gigolo of hers. You know what she is, even if she is your mother. She's cheated us all—but she's not going to cheat me any longer. I'm going to have a baby, and I'm going to have it right. I'm not going to have it in any dirty slum. It's going to have milk and eggs and green vegetables and *sunlight*. And she's going to pay for them. And if you don't make her pay for 'em, I will. I'll make her—"

IN his comfortable bachelor apartment on a quiet street just off Fifth Avenue and the Park, Spike Tracy, brother of the district attorney of New York County, rolled over in bed and yelled, "Pug!"

A little man with a bent left ear and a broken nose appeared in the doorway to the bedroom. "Whaddaya want?"

"I want a drink."

Pug disappeared and came back presently with three fingers of Scotch. "The trouble with you is, you're drinkin' too much," he said as he tendered the glass.

"Since when did *you* get to be secretary of the W. C. T. U?"

"What you need," Pug said judicially, "is a woman in your life."

Spike tossed off the rest of the Scotch and collapsed against the pillows. Then he looked at Pug and grinned. "Some one that can reform me—is that what you mean?"

"No; that ain't what I mean at all. I mean some one who can dish it out better than you. Another thing that wouldn't hurt you none would be a little work. It's too bad there ain't nobody got the works lately. Give you something to do instead of hell-raisin' all the time."

"May be something in what you say, Pug—may be."

And he turned over and went back to sleep.

SOME twenty-four hours later, with his long legs stuck up on Inspector Herschman's desk and his spine sunk deep in one of the inspector's easy chairs, he pursued the subject further.

"Pug's been lecturing me," he said.

"Well, whatever it's about, you probably deserve it," Herschman replied, and reached for a cigar and prepared to enjoy himself. He liked this younger brother of the district attorney, probably because he was so unlike the stiff austerity of the D. A. He was careless and easygoing and there were times when you'd swear he was an utter damn fool, but . . . More than once he had pulled the Homicide Squad of the New York Police Department out of a tough hole.

"Got any work?" Spike inquired. "Ladies sliced up in trunks? Babies in ash cans?"

A clerk from the outer office appeared. "There's a man on the telephone who insists on talking to you, Inspector. Says his name's Dr. Horatio Pennypacker."

Herschman repeated the name. He reached for the receiver. "Hello. . . . Yes, this is the chief of the Homicide Squad. . . . Can't you give me an idea? . . . Perhaps you'd like to come down here. . . . Look, doctor, this is a busy office . . ."

Suddenly he burst out laughing, put his hand over the transmitter.

"This is good. This bird says I should come up immediately to a place on East Eighty-fourth Street, but he won't say what for, and if I don't he'll report me to the police."

Spike yawned. "Oh, well, why not?"

Herschman hesitated, then removed his hand from the transmitter. "O. K., doctor." He scribbled on a pad. "*Who?*" His eyebrows went up in sudden interested surprise. "Very well, doctor; I'll be right up."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Spike. "Who do you think lives at this Eighty-fourth Street address?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Moira Ballinger!"

And then Spike's eyebrows too shot up in sudden interest. "Well, well. What now, Mattie, what now?"

AS Herschman and Spike rode north in the police car their minds drifted back in review of a career that had been a prolific source of copy to New York newspapers. Twenty-five years before, Moira Ballinger had burst into the headlines and had remained there on and off ever since. "The Department Store Cinderella" they had called her in that first deep splash into the limelight.

Simple Mathilda Grable she'd been. She'd spent her days in Ballinger's, Inc., New York's mammoth department store, selling saucepans to harassed housewives, and her nights in a hall bedroom in Brooklyn; and once, as she was leaving the store, she had passed almost close enough to Prentice Ballinger, the dignified middle-aged owner, to touch him.

"He didn't see me, but I saw him, and from that moment I knew he was my dream prince." That was the way she was quoted in the tabloids.

Each week she sent the aging mother and father in the small upstate town half her meager wages. Or so she told reporters.

And then she got a break. Prentice Ballinger, for nine years a widower, with a young son of ten, found it expedient in the interest of that young son's health to move out of New York for the summer, and he bought a modest, comfortable estate near the little town of Hanover in the Catskills. And Hanover was the town from which Mathilda had come and where her parents and older half sister, Olivia, were still living.

"And just think," Mathilda's mother had written. "Ollie's to have the job of teaching the little boy. He's a dear little fellow, just turned ten, and his name is Sidney. Ollie goes up every morning and they have lessons from nine to twelve. Ollie says Mr. Ballinger is a fine and splendid man in every way."

Two days after Mathilda received this letter she was on the train back to Hanover. Three months later she was Mrs. Prentice Ballinger and her picture was in all the papers.

"And damned good-looking she was, too," Herschman put in. "She was about twenty-five and Ballinger more than twice her age."

A year and a half after her marriage to Prentice Ballinger, Moira (she had conveniently forgotten "Mathilda"—gave birth to a son who was duly christened David with great pomp and circumstance in one of New York's most fashionable churches.

"Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Ballinger entertained. . . . Mrs. Prentice Ballinger at the Southampton Beach Club with Mr. Jeffrey Linscott. . . . Mrs. Prentice Ballinger has taken the Villa d'Artagnan in Paris for the coming season. . . . Mrs. Prentice Ballinger. . . . Mrs. . . ."

Gradually *Mr.* Prentice Ballinger dropped out of the society sections. Moira held the spotlight alone.

And then, when young David was a bit over four, the front pages blazed again:

PRENTICE BALLINGER, HEAD OF BALLINGER'S, INC., COMMITS SUICIDE

No reason, no explanation, nothing. One morning he attended a meeting of the merchandise managers of Ballinger's, Inc., and the next morning he was dead with a bullet through his temple and a silver-mounted revolver clutched in lifeless fingers that trailed along the carpet beside the bed.

Patricia Ballinger was born in Paris just five months after the tragic death of Prentice Ballinger, and her layette cost five thousand dollars. Her mother had six nurses and three doctors.

In the years that followed, Moira Ballinger was a frequent source of copy. She bobbed her hair while it was still news, kept a racing stable that occasionally won a race, and endorsed cold cream as soon as royalty approved of the practice.

"For charity, of course," she always explained to reporters, and wrote out generous checks while cameras clicked. There were cats who said she underpaid her servants, but that never appeared in the newspapers.

THERE was a whole mass of rumor, gossip, legend perhaps, that never appeared in print. And there was Jeffrey Linscott. He never appeared in print, either. Because there was always the Ballinger advertising.

But not even that weapon was powerful enough to kill the story of David Ballinger's marriage six months ago to a clerk from the subbasement. Headlines splashed:

NEW CINDERELLA BRIDE IN BALLINGER BASEMENT ROMANCE

"And right there," said Spike, "is where Mattie muffed a play."

"You mean kicking him out of his job, and the girl too?"

"Yeah. I understand she pulled the regular old never-darken-my-door-again on them on account the gal comes from the East Side instead of Park Avenue. What is probably really eating her is, she's afraid David might have some kids and then she'd be a grandmother."

"What's the matter with that?"

"Well, you see, Mattie's near fifty, but she's got young ideas. Mattie for years has been chasing a guy."

"Ever catch up with him?"

"Occasionally."

"Wasn't there something about five years ago about a boat and a big-game expedition or something?"

Spike laughed. "You mean the time Mattie bought a yacht and planned a nice little twosome voyage, and the night before they were to leave, he sails the boat off, taking another dame with him. So, to save her face, Mattie makes out like it's a big-game hunting expedition she's financing 'in the interest of science.' Big game!" He snorted. "This guy—I forget his name—the only kind of big game he's interested in wears lace step-ins."

"Do you know this jane?"

"No, thank God. I've always preferred poison ivy."

A BUTLER of unusual solemnity ushered them into a room at the left of the foyer.

A figure rose to greet them—smallish, a bit on the stout side, with a round face that bore large horn-rimmed glasses in front of small blinking eyes.

"I," said this owl, "am Dr. Pennypacker."

Herschman held out his hand and introduced himself and Spike.

"Tell me, Inspector," began the doctor, "are you familiar with the phenomenon referred to by psychologists as *déja vu?*"

Herschman looked nonplussed.

"No," he snapped. "What—"

"It is French, *déja vu*, and it means

HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

makes her bow in Liberty with this baffling murder mystery. She is a Nebraskan who, after graduation from college, wandered around America doing newspaper and promotion work. She has half a dozen novels to her credit.

'already seen.' I have myself this morning been witness to this strange phenomenon." Herschman looked exasperated, and Pennypacker proceeded: "Twenty years ago on the 16th of last month, at some time between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, Miss Olivia Grable, half sister of Mrs. Prentice Ballinger, called me on the telephone and in considerable agitation asked me to come over to the house immediately. My house is just across the street and two doors down, so that I was here inside of five minutes.

"I was conducted to the second floor, to the bedroom which looks out onto the rear. In the bed I found the body of Prentice Ballinger. He was lying on his back. There was a bullet hole through his right temple, and there were powder burns. His right arm was hanging down, dragging along the floor, and in the stiffening hand was a silver-mounted, monogrammed pistol. The initials on it were 'P. B.' By judicious—"

"Yes, we know all that," Herschman put in. "Prentice Ballinger committed suicide."

The doctor went on without pause.

"By judicious questioning I elicited the fact that shortly after eight o'clock that morning a servant, Sarah Allred, had, as was her custom, knocked upon the door of Mr. Ballinger's bedroom, bringing him a cup of hot water which he drank each morning. Receiving no answer, she entered and found her master as I have just described. She immediately informed Miss Ollie—that is, Miss Olivia Grable—who in turn summoned me.

"I, of course, after ascertaining that Mr. Ballinger was dead, reported the matter to the police—"

"I should think," Spike put in, "that the logical thing to do would have been to tell Mrs. Ballinger first."

"She was not here. She had been spending the winter in Florida. But in any case it would be to Miss Ollie that the servants would instinctively turn in times of stress or indecision. Miss Ollie for many years managed the housekeeping and brought up the children. The verdict of the police was suicide." From the tone of his voice it was plain that he didn't think much of it.

"This morning," he went on, "a few minutes after ten o'clock, Miss Ollie called me on the telephone in considerable agitation and asked me to come over here immediately. I did so. It seems that the housekeeper, Sarah Allred, knocked on Mrs. Ballinger's door at ten o'clock. She was carrying Mrs. Ballinger's breakfast tray. When there was no answer to her repeated knocks, she entered the room. What she saw sent her immediately to Miss Ollie, greatly upset.

"After talking to Miss Ollie and the housekeeper, I went immediately to the second floor, to the bedroom of Mrs. Ballinger at the front of the house. I found her lying in bed on her back. There was a bullet hole through her right temple and there were the marks of powder burns on the skin. Her right arm was dragging along the carpet, and her hand still clutched a small silver-mounted revolver bearing the initials 'P. B.' She was quite dead—had been dead for some hours.

"Now, Inspector, do you understand *déja vu?*"

HERSCHMAN sat up. "You mean, Mrs. Ballinger has just committed suicide in the same manner as her husband did twenty years ago?"

"No," said the doctor sharply. "That is not what I mean at all." He rose abruptly, cut Herschman short with a gesture. "If you will come with me—"

Spike and the inspector followed him out into the foyer, up to the second floor. They seemed alone in the house except for the butler, who sat in the lower hall. It was very quiet. Deep carpet on the stairs absorbed even the sound of their footsteps.

And then, just as they reached the top, the silence was broken. From somewhere came pounding, a fierce hammering upon the panels of a door, a swearing and a roaring only half muffled by the partition.

Who is behind that thundering door? And what will he reveal? Are Spike and the inspector up against an added mystery in this fantastic case? Is the queer Dr. Pennypacker all that he seems to be? You will be tormented with speculation and curiosity until next week's Liberty is in your hands. Reserve it now!

Mechanized love! — The facts about Nazidom's most amazing campaign

aders of Germany's
jimented girlhood,
whose eyes Hitler
s made himself "the
imate, unattainable
degroom," exult in
Nazi training camp.

How Hitler Regiments Sex

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WOMANHOOD is industrialized in Germany today. The Führer has decreed that maternity is a state function, subject to production regulations like any part of the planned economy of the Third Reich. Sex has been regimented no less than the airplane industry. Love is now mechanized and runs on a twenty-four-hour schedule, with the slogan: *Germany Needs Children.*

The high-sounding phrases in which the theoreticians of Nazism extolled the chastity of the German woman are taboo today, and are being suppressed. The interests of the state require a higher birth rate, bellow the leaders of the totalitarian state on the Rhine, and it is the duty of the German woman to heed the command. A noisy, untiring propaganda machine is streamlining the innocent, blushing blonde maiden and the demure, practical Hausfrau into lusty It girls demanding motherhood as their fulfillment in the new world Hitler is creating.

The Nazi drive for an increased birth rate is nothing new. Ever since Hitler came to power he has raised the cry for more children as part and parcel of his plan to regenerate the German people. But until about a year ago the emphasis was placed on marriage, the founding of a family. Today it is motherhood as such, without regard to marital status, that is being stressed. No longer is the illegitimacy of children held up as a disgrace. On the contrary, it is shrewdly presented as indicating German womanhood's overzealousness in obeying the Führer. The Nazi regime is systematically revolutionizing the German tradition of family life. In the process it is destroying German morality.

Only one kind of illegitimacy exists, shriek the government advocates of a rise in the German birth rate: Impurity of race. When a true Nazi man and woman, both of whom believe implicitly in the leadership of Hitler, are united, the fruit of their union is necessarily a legitimate German child, regardless of whether they are legally wed. That is the most recent interpretation of legitimacy by the brown-uniformed sociologists.

Hitler's marriage-promotion policy had failed, after five years of intensive propaganda backed by special laws and governmental regulations. Obviously the economic basis was lacking. The earning capacity of the Germans under Nazi rule simply did not permit an increase in early marriages and the expansion of the family. In vain did the state use every means of eco-

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

nomic pressure at its command: Heavy taxation of bachelors, state wedding gifts, premiums for large families, awards to especially fecund mothers, employment privileges for married men and women. All to no avail. After a sporadic upsurge of marriage and a slight increase in the birth rate, Hitler's attempt to enlarge the German race biologically had to be acknowledged a flop. German mothers did not want to feed their children on *Ersatz*.

"A land without children is a land without a future," has been the slogan ever since the Nazis set out to "regenerate" the German people. Unless the birth-rate chart takes a drastic upward curve, the Germany of tomorrow will be a living space without people, warns the same government which has been justifying the present war on the grounds that the German people had insufficient living space. So confused have the Germans already become that they no longer seek to reconcile these two demands. "Our Führer knows what he wants," is the only reply a German gives when cornered into admitting that the two are contradictory.

THE Geopolitical Institute at Munich confronted Hitler with the "grave" dilemma that fifty years hence there would be only 45,000,000 Germans, of whom two thirds would be over fifty years of age, and of whom only 8,000,000 would be children. "What is going to happen to the Greater Germany of the year 2000?" lamented the members of the permanent military academy. "We need a population of 100,000,000 true Germans, not annexed, from which to draw our soldiers."

Hitler ordered the scientists of Germany into action. Psychologists, biologists, sexologists, and sociologists met to confer on the problem. A means had to be found to increase the birth rate substantially.

The result of the "scientific" survey startled even the Führer. The social thinkers of the Third Reich had come to the conclusion that the mobilization of sex was slowed up when it was confined to matrimonial bounds. The encouraging of marriage raised a number of economic issues which the exchequer of the Reich could not very well tackle at a time when production was geared up for war purposes exclusively. Besides, it wasted the surplus female population of Germany.

Unless Hitler was prepared to institute polygamy—and for weeks that possibility was seriously considered—over two million women were condemned to childlessness. The slogans for the rehabilitation of the German family had to be forgotten. A new conception of morality had to be inculcated. The bachelor girl must be brought to accept motherhood for the sake of the *Vaterland*.

In a totalitarian state, morality is a matter of propaganda, Hitler has always maintained. Time and again the German dictator has demonstrated this pet theory. In the days preceding the war, he transformed, within twenty-four hours, England's Premier Neville Chamberlain from an understanding friend of Germany into an object of contempt and derision for all Germans. "My orders will be followed blindly," is Hitler's cutting rejoinder to any dissents ventured in high Nazi councils.

The blitzkrieg Hitler has decreed against the decline in the birth rate is in full swing in Germany today. The attack is made simultaneously on all fronts, through all channels of public opinion. A warning finger is pointed at the blushing flapper, the happy bride, the married or unmarried young woman: "Produce children if you want Germany to survive!"

The ideal of dedicating herself to the state is instilled into the Nazi girl at an early age. "The goal of feminine education must manifestly be the mother of the future," is Hitler's slogan, prominently displayed in all girls' clubs and schools. The Bund Deutscher Maedchen, the national girls' organization, takes in girls between the ages of ten and twenty-one. From ten to fourteen they are called *Jungmaedel;* from fifteen to twenty-one, *Maedel*. Pregnancy does not disqualify a member. On the contrary, it gives her distinction. Until about a year ago the program of the Bund Deutscher Maedchen included a great deal of sport. Now sport is being replaced by co-ed hikes, picnics, and joint reading classes. Hitler's dictum, "We see in woman the eternal mother of our nation," is featured by class leaders like a daily prayer.

WHILE Joseph Goebbels, who steers the all-powerful Nazi propaganda machine, takes care that Hitler's appeal for more mothers retains a religious tone, he does not neglect the most vulgar means of stimulating sex life within the nation. Pornographic literature and pictures, against which the Nazi regime thundered so vociferously as non-Aryan tools for the degeneration of their people, are now freely circulated, side by side with the sanctimonious slogans of the Führer.

Motion pictures for home consumption only, made under the strict supervision of the Staatsfilmkontrolle, glorify the girl who finds her fulfillment in maternity. Numberless stories center about the proud German girl who accepts an unhappy love adventure with fortitude and finds solace in her newborn child. Titles such as Love and Plenty of It, School for Love, Love Takes a Holiday, Maternity Ecstasy, all referring to the all-conquering motherhood of husbandless heroines, adorn the marquees of movie houses in city and country. Even imported American movies have often been given vague German captions so as to underplay the legal aspects of romance.

Smiling young motherhood reigns supreme in the popular magazines, radio sketches, and popular songs. Little time or talk is wasted on the father, except that it is always understood that he is a pure Aryan whom patriotic or other duties prevented from legalizing his love exploits. The Casanova type, who loves 'em and leaves 'em, is the role attributed to the "hero" of these love stories. And the local Nazi political bosses frequently sponsor socials modeled after the old Teutonic Mother's Night. Instead of reverence for motherhood, there are wild orgies to stimulate the rise of the birth rate.

BUT whether cloaked in patriotic language or openly given a cheap immoral tone, the appeal to German women to resign themselves to becoming machines for the mass production of future parachute jumpers or steam-rolling suicide squads is brutal in its approach, degrading in its very procedure. It reduces the German woman to the status of a brood mare or a child-bearing slave. For the Nazi regime is giving its mother-women the privilege of performing more difficult and exhausting tasks than are expected in any other country beyond the stage of primitive tribalism. The only respite comes in the last few months of pregnancy.

The error made during the last war, which resulted in an unprecedented fall of the birth rate, is not being repeated by the German government. An efficient visiting service of German women to the front and to Nazi-occupied areas has been carried on since the beginning of hostilities. Carloads of eager patriotic girls and women are dispatched to the warriors of the fatherland, who are admonished to spurn any contact with foreign women. It would be dreadful indeed, preach the German military leaders, if "our victories resulted in increasing the population of our enemies." German motherhood must march on even while the soldiers are in the trenches.

The male warrior annihilating everything that stumbles into his path, the female slave humbly providing new legions of soldiers, have become the prototypes of what Hitler calls the new Germanic civilization. It is for this civilization that the Nazi leaders demand more *Lebensraum*, more space, for the millions of still unborn children of the pure, superior, conquering German race.

In the eyes of the German woman Hitler has become the personification of the hero, the ideal man. For her this comic-looking ex-paperhanger has the aura of a mythological figure. Millions of German girls see in him the ultimate, never-attainable bridegroom. Altogether, he has succeeded in creating an inexhaustible source for what he views as a continually self-multiplying army of automatons who will die clicking their heels for the unhaltable aggrandizement of Germany, conqueror of Europe. And he fondly believes he has assured the world hegemony of Germany for a thousand years to come.

THE END

Lower *your own taxes*— Here's How!

A challenge to all who think Uncle Sam spends too much

BY SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER OF KANSAS

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

EXTRAVAGANCE in government begins with the folks back home. In any congressional office, a large part of the morning mail consists of appeals or demands for "ample" appropriations for this, that, and the other object—objects that may be worthy enough, but are by no stretch of the imagination urgent needs. None of it, not one letter, suggests smaller appropriations or the abolishment of a bureau. Then there are delegations from home to urge the necessity for a federal building or a new highway. There are concerted drives by various organizations for the increasing of war veterans' pensions or the granting of new ones. And a drive is now under way, and I presume always will be, to liberalize the act governing the Social Security Administration, so that larger benefits may be paid.

Thus we go merrily along on the road of paternalism and extravagance. During the fiscal years of 1934-37 inclusive we spent more than was spent by this government from Washington's first inauguration down to and including 1916.

We cannot go on in this way. We must reverse our paternalistic trend if we are to save ourselves from economic ruin and moral disintegration. For it is demoralizing. It teaches the citizen to lean, to be dependent, to look for help and guidance in every detail of life, to think of Uncle Sam as a perpetual Santa Claus.

Are you taking an automobile trip? Your car travels over roads constructed in whole or in part with funds from a federal bureau. Another bureau advises how best to maintain them. If you travel by train, your fare has been passed upon and approved by still another bureau.

If you marry and raise a family, Uncle Sam will supervise the raising from the very beginning: a federal bureau will instruct in prenatal care. If you must have a house for the family, Uncle Sam will not fail you. He maintains the Federal Housing Administration for just that purpose. Practical real-estate men assert that its help in financing such purchases as yours cannot be given indefinitely without going in the red, but Uncle Sam is an incurable optimist.

Do you live on a farm? For your benefit have been passed the grain standards act, the cotton standards act, the perishable products act, the co-operative marketing act, and enough other laws to fill volumes. And Uncle Sam will tell you what crops are best for your locality and will assist you in marketing them. And if you have any left over, the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation will help take it off your hands.

Whatever you may want to know about any detail of agriculture, horticulture, or animal industry, your obliging Uncle Sam will tell you. He spends thousands upon thousands of dollars in disseminating such information through the radio, literature, and visiting agents. For that matter, the Bureau of Home Economics will tell your wife what the trouble is if her cake falls or her jelly doesn't jell.

Should you wish electricity on your farm, the Rural Electrification Commission will arrange about sending it in to your locality and wiring your house, while the Electric Home and Farm Authority will underwrite your purchases of electrical appliances.

Perhaps you care for higher things. The arts and sciences are not neglected. Esthetic dancing and the drama come in for attention. You can be taught how to ride a horse in a genteel way, how to be a spring poet. And the National Youth Administration will, under certain circumstances, help with Junior's education in both high school and college. The United States Film Service also does its part as an educator.

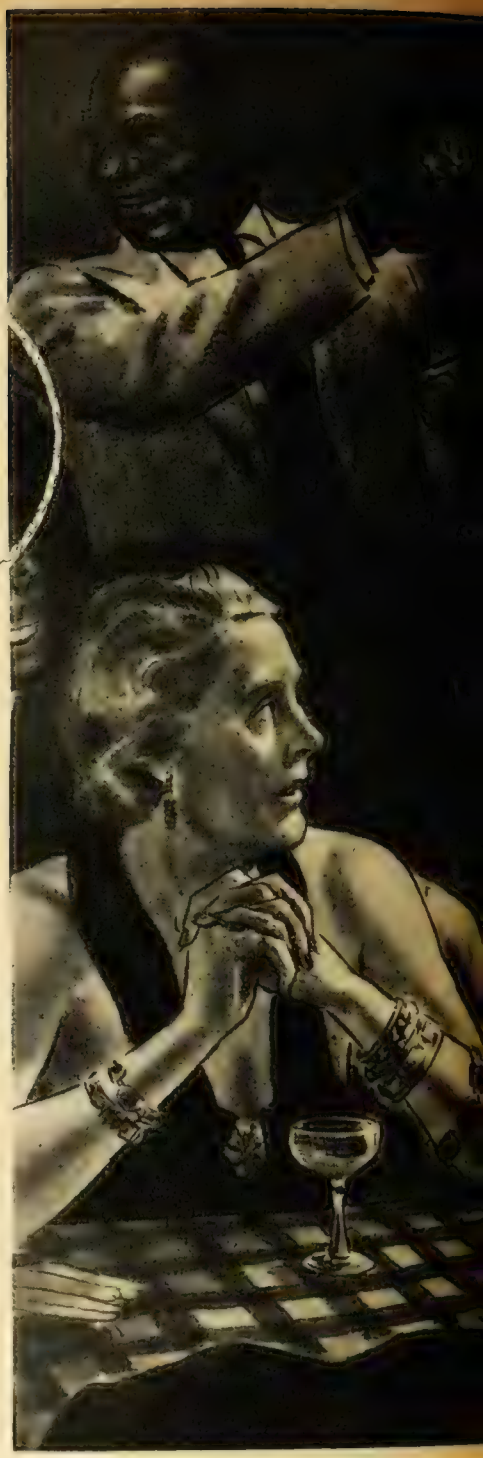
All these and many, many more services are to be had for the asking. But while with one hand Uncle Sam gives lavishly, with the other he searches your pockets. From twenty to twenty-five cents out of every dollar you spend for food, clothing, and other necessaries of life go for taxes—upkeep of local and national government. And yet Uncle Sam is constantly going in the red. Every year his bureaus demand more. Congress is called upon to make larger and larger appropriations, and then comes in for criticism for being extravagant.

Don't blame Congress. If you want economy in government, you—collectively, of course—can bring it about. How? Just write or wire your representative to cut down all appropriations that are not absolutely necessary. Tell him you are prepared, in the interest of economy, to forego these expensive government services. Say you are going to miss them, but you realize that if you are ever going to get out of debt, you will have to give them up. Whenever constituents begin writing this way to their representatives in Congress, there will be genuine economy. And not before.

THE END

Miracle on the Blotter

BY MILDRED CRAM



READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"YOUR poor!" Miss Hallett shook a jeweled finger at the priest. "Lazy good-for-nothings! That's what they are!"

Father Cotton sat facing the tall windows of Miss Hallett's Beekman Place drawing room. Snow was falling outside, like snow offstage . . . soft and silent as goose feathers.

Father Cotton's shoes were wet. His hat, which he had placed beside him on the floor, looked like a round black puddle.

"You're wrong, Miss Hallett," he said. "My poor are kind, friendly people. Unfortunate, perhaps. But good at heart, like yourself."

This was one of Father Cotton's favorite fictions . . . that Nettie Hallett was kind at heart . . . whereas everybody, from the grocer to the Secretary of State, called her a tightwad, a sourpuss, and a snob. She knew what people said.

"You're trying to flatter me," she said, compressing her lips, "because you *want* something."

Father Cotton picked up his hat and shook it.

"Yes," he said. "I do. Not for myself. There's great need in my parish . . . families without enough to eat, sick people without medicine, children without warm clothing . . . while you" . . . Father Cotton pointed a square forefinger at Miss Hallett . . . "wear *that!*"

Miss Hallett glanced down at the enormous jewel which hung, suspended on a platinum chain, upon her breast. The Constantia diamond . . . one of the largest diamonds in the world. Worth a whole city. Or the Napoleonic Wars. Wearing it was one of Nettie Hallett's chill pleasures.

"That diamond owns you body and soul," Father Cotton said. "Year after year you stay in this fortress, with an armed guard at the door and a machine gun on the roof and burglar alarms in every room! Life imprisonment, I'd call it. You think you're keeping people out. . . . You're only keeping yourself in!"

Father Cotton rose. "The poorest of my poor," he said, "are happier than you."

With a rustle of taffeta, Miss Hallett got to her feet. She shook with anger, the fabulous jewel striking points of light, now blue, now red, now blazing white. All her life she had had to barricade herself against beggars. She knew how to keep them out. . . . This one, the impudent rascal, got in because he was a priest. Even Rice, the detective, wasn't proof against the awful persuasion of a religious habit.

"Who gave the maternity wing to the Jewish Hospital?" she cried. "Who endowed the St. Francis Orphanage? Who built the African Baptist church? Who educated five hundred . . ."

"You did," Father Cotton interrupted quickly. "You did. You had to spend the interest on your interest, didn't you? But suppose you die! Suppose you die tomorrow! You might. You're sixty. You could pop off" . . . Father Cotton snapped his fingers . . . "like that! Then who'd get your money? A lot of rich cousins who never said a civil word to you. . . . When right around the corner are my poor!"

"Thieves," Nettie snapped. "Murderers. Kidnapers." Her lips drew into a straight line. "When my grandfather made the Hallett fortune," she said, "this country was a safe place to live in. Nowadays people like me don't dare walk on the street."

The priest shook his head in commiseration. "It's a terrible, sad life you lead, shut up in this rich gloomy house with fear in your heart."

Nettie Hallett sat alone at the table. The tall yellow girl went into a mad swirling climax.

S. Hamilton

A story of human hearts and a woman's awakening

" I'm not afraid of anything," Miss Hallett said.

" Then why have you never gone out into the world and known its joys and its laughter and its fine hot tears? "

Father Cotton put on his hat. " Now I'm going. I'm afraid my heart will break, looking at you, poor woman. Alone . . . oh, so terribly alone, poor woman! "

He went to the door and jerked it open. " You and your diamond! " he said. " And the world so strange and beautifully sad and dear. . . ."

Miss Hallett stood where she was for a long minute, the Constantia unblinking, watchful, upon her breast.

It was true. Her wealth was like a high wall surrounding her, cutting her off from experience. When she was a child, they hadn't let her go to school because she was the richest little girl in America. She had never learned to play with other children. Or to share her toys. She had had no girlhood. Years of arid study with tutors and governesses. The Grand Tour. Cathedrals and chateaux and correct hotels in correct resorts. Then home . . . to find herself orphaned and the Hallett millions her own. Power! Fantastic power! The servile obedience of lawyers and trustees. And always the dread of being stolen from, of being cheated, of being destroyed by people who envied and hated her and wanted her money. . . .

Father Cotton's words seemed to rebound from the lofty ceiling, to tinkle in the crystal chandelier like a ghostly wind. . . .

" The world . . . so strange and beautifully sad and dear. . . ."

What did she know of it? Only what she read in newspapers or saw from the padded luxury of her town car, through bulletproof glass!

She couldn't remember when she hadn't been afraid. . . . The yellow journals had published lurid stories of the Constantia. " Largest diamond in the world belongs to old maid," the headlines said.

Years ago the insurance men had talked her into employing a bodyguard. They wired the house. Searched the servants every day. And whenever she wore the Constantia

delivered it to her in an armored car. . . .

Little by little, fear had closed its tentacles upon her imagination, until now she lived in terror of assassination. Father Cotton said she belonged to the Constantia, body and soul. Because of it she had never lived. . . .

Suddenly she ran to the door and called, "Rice! Celeste! Call Father Cotton back!"

"Yes, madame."

She heard their excited voices at the front door. And the priest's puzzled "Me?"

Miss Hallett rustled down the curved stairway, her ringed hand slipping along the railing.

"Father Cotton," she began breathlessly, "I want you to answer a few questions. You, Celeste, go upstairs. And you, Rice, wait outside."

"Yes, madame."

"Now," Nettie Hallett said, "answer me this: Why do people hate me? Is it because I'm richer than they are?"

"No," Father Cotton said slowly. "It's because you don't trust them."

"*Can* I trust them?"

"Why not try?"

Father Cotton clutched his hat in tense hands.

"If I were you, Nettie Hallett, I'd go out among them and see for myself. You might meet with a thief. There *are* thieves. What have you to lose? You might meet with a killer. But are you enjoying life?"

Father Cotton's eyes looked suddenly as if a whole forest of candles had been lighted behind them. "On the other hand, you might make friends. Escape" . . . he glanced around . . . "from this!"

CELESTE was waiting in the bedroom. She had been Nettie's maid for twenty years, but they were strangers, watchful, antagonistic, polite.

"I'm going out," Nettie said. "I'll want the pailletted gown, the silver slippers, the ermine coat. Bring my jewels."

"*Oui, madame.*"

As Nettie dressed, she encountered her own reflection . . . in the pier glass, in the triple mirrors of her dressing table, everywhere she turned. And already she looked like some one else. Her eyes were brilliant with excitement. . . . Sharply and terribly she realized that she had never in all her life been anywhere alone. She was like a prisoner reprieved who shrinks from freedom. . . .

"Madame is wearing the Constantia?"

"Yes."

"Madame is going to the opera?"

"No."

"Shall I tell François to bring the car, madame?"

"No."

Nettie Hallett caught her breath. "I'm walking," she said.

"But, madame . . . in the snow!"

Descending the stairs, Nettie thought how wonderful it would be to walk in the snow.

Mathew, her secretary, was in the hall. He looked pale and anxious.

"I want five hundred dollars in cash, Mr. Mathew," Nettie said.

Mathew scurried to the safe for the money . . . a neat roll of greenbacks upon which Nettie snapped the jeweled clasp of her brocaded purse.

"You're wearing the Constantia, Miss Hallett," he said, "and I haven't called the agency! Rice, alone, cannot assume the responsibility. . . ."

"I won't need Rice," Nettie said. "Please open the door."

RICE was on the steps, as usual. He sprang to attention.

"Good evening, Rice," Miss Hallett said. "I want a taxi, please."

His expression gave her a curious sensation of excited pleasure. Already, and so easily, she had broken through the drab sameness of her existence.

"If you take a taxi," Rice gasped, "I'll get the sack, Miss Hallett. I'm not supposed to let you out of my sight."

"I'll call my own taxi, then," Nettie said. And majestically she crossed the sidewalk to the curb, lifting her jeweled hand at traffic.

"Hey! You! Stop!"

And a derelict cab blanketed in snow pulled out of the flow, screeched, skidded, and drew alongside.

"Taxi, lady?"

Rice flung himself at the door. "At least, let me go along, Miss Hallett. . . . It ain't safe, I'm telling you. . . . It's suicide. . . ."

"Where to, lady?"

The taxi driver leaned out and spit the question out of a slit of a mouth sideways.

"St. Jude's . . . around the corner," Nettie said. And then, to Rice, "Close the door, please. Go back to your post."

The taxi shook itself, fought for traction in the slippery half-frozen mush, and leaped forward.

Nettie Hallett was alone in a glassed-in darkness which had about it an indeterminate odor of leather, stale smoke, cheap perfume, and gasoline. Her heart behaved like a drunken acrobat. Glancing down, she saw the Constantia pulsing on its platinum chain, curiously and marvelously alive. And Nettie was conscious of the surging of blood through her veins. . . . She was frightened and happy. . . . She thought of the consternation she had left behind . . . the staff in a huddle . . . Mathew calling the lawyers, the trustees, the bankers . . . Rice calling the insurance men, the detective agency, the police department.

She'd have to hurry, or they'd catch her, bring her back to the safety of her prison, deprive her of her first adventure. . . .

The cab scraped along a curb and stopped. She saw the shallow steps, the dingy brown façade of Father Cotton's church. Father Cotton himself was standing in the open doorway . . . silhouetted against a faint far glow of light. . . . The driver opened the door and Nettie beckoned.

At first Father Cotton couldn't believe his eyes. He came forward, blinking.

"I'm making a tour of the city," she explained hurriedly. "Alone. If it's true what you say, I'll give the Constantia to your poor."

"What *did* I say?" Father Cotton wailed.

"That people are good and honest and kind at heart. That's what you said. . . . I'll see for myself."

"With a million dollars' worth of jewels on you? And in a public hack? Go back home, Nettie Hallett, and forget this crazy whim! You'll be having your throat cut!"

"It's my own throat," Nettie retorted. "My own life. You said yourself it's no use to me!"

She signaled to the driver.

"Close the door, please."

Father Cotton rapped desperately on the frosted glass.

"Then I'll pray for you!" he cried. "I'll pray on my knees this whole blessed night!"

He turned and ran up the snowy steps. Nettie saw him disappear into the faint candle glow of St. Jude's.

WHERE to, ma'am?"

The driver turned his head, and for the first time Nettie became aware of him. His photograph, full face and in profile, bore the name S. Mackinoff. And, with a curious wry twist of amusement, Nettie thought how deviously destiny arrives at its simple conclusions. The Constantia diamond. Herself. And S. Mackinoff . . . born to put an end to a rich woman's unbearable loneliness!

"Where to, ma'am?" said S. Mackinoff for the third time.

"Downtown. Anywhere."

He would, in all probability, turn aside any moment, follow dark streets, dart suddenly into some dead end and make away with her. . . .

But, so far, the taxi proceeded at a reasonable pace downtown, nudging its way into the converging jam of cars bound for the theaters and the night spots. The driver, hunched over the wheel, his shoulders squared, his bat ears protruding, kept his eye on traffic. Nettie Hallett had always been a nervous passenger during the rush hour, but S. Mackinoff was so far superior to François that in spite of herself she relaxed.

It was a blessed relief to be rid of Rice and Celeste and Mathew. She could even hiccup and rub her stomach and kick off a silver slipper, stretching her toes inside the sheer stocking.

Whenever the taxi stopped, the patient pedestrian crowds waiting on the curb stared in at her without envy or curiosity. She was no longer an Untouchable in a Rolls. She was simply an old girl in a white coat on her way to a show maybe. . . . She stared back, thinking: If they only

knew! They could reach in and grab a million dollars!

Twisting the chain around her fingers, she swung the Constantia in wide circles. It revolved like Saturn in hoops of light . . . the inside of the cruiser taxi crackled with white flame. But no one jerked open the door. The taxi shot down the next stretch of green.

Nettie Hallett had glimpses of pretty women dressed for the opera, and girls in fur jackets with flowers in their hair on their way to dance. People together. Laughing and talking or just sitting in ecstatic silence, their hands twined.

Nettie had never learned how to play. How to dance. How to make love. Because, from the very beginning, she had had to protect herself against disillusionment.

If only some one would like her for herself! And ask nothing! If only some one would be sorry for *her!* But always, hardening her heart, she braced herself for the inevitable whining demand. The inevitable Scheme. She was always ashamed . . . for them . . . embarrassed, waiting for them to get around to it.

Because she was so very rich no one ever thought to give her anything. "She's already *got* everything!" people said.

No one ever remembered her birthday or thought to send lilies at Easter or paused to scratch off a postcard: "The Yosemite's wonderful. Wish you were here!"

She had never gone to a picnic, or sung close harmony, or dressed a Christmas tree or laughed out loud.

"Shall I keep on going, ma'am?"

"Yes. Take me to the Battery."

Surely on the Battery she would find some of Father Cotton's poor. The more disreputable the better. The hungrier the better. She would dazzle them with the Constantia. She would test Father Cotton's theory in the fiery crucible of Temptation.

THE snow was falling thickly when she left the taxi. The wind had dropped. But it was bitter cold. The driver snatched off a frozen mitten to make change.

"What's the big idea, lady? Want to get yourself bumped off?"

She turned her back, and, lifting her skirts clear of the snow, started across the park. Her spine prickled at the thought of a knife slicing into her back, cold, cruel, and quick.

All about her the world was muffled, as if wrapped in thin wool gauze. The air was thick with the cries of lost shipping . . . moans, wails of warning, long shuddering blasts. . . .

"Could you spare a hungry man a dollar, ma'am?"

A shadow materialized . . . tall, gray, in matted rags.

Nettie stopped and opened her pearl bag. The ermine coat fell away from her gaudy shimmer of gems. Clips. Bowknots. Shivering rosettes. And the Constantia, blazing away like an asteroid.

"Here's ten dollars," Nettie said. And waited for the shadow to spring at her throat.

But he shook his head.

"Thanks, lady. Could you make it a dollar? If I tried to change a ten-dollar bill, they'd say I stole it."

Nettie shook some change into his rough half-frozen palm.

"Thanks, lady," he said. "God bless you, lady."

Nettie retraced the trail left in the snow by her stilt-heeled slippers. The shadow followed, wheezing.

"Excuse me, lady . . . but the Battery ain't no place to wear all them glitters."

"Why don't you help yourself?" Nettie demanded.

The shadow snickered. "Lady, I ain't had nothing to eat for two days . . . I don't want no diamonds . . . I want a piece of apple pie."

MILDRED CRAM

who lives in Santa Barbara, California, says the thing she likes best to do is write; second best, to listen to music. She is also fond of reading, creature comforts, clothes, animals, and going to the movies. She dislikes exercise, parties, and being in large crowds.

The taxi still waited.

"You all right, ma'am?" the driver said. "You sure had me worried!"

Nettie's heart slowed down. She took a deep grateful breath. No one had worried about her for years.

"This man's hungry," she said. "Find a lunch wagon somewhere . . . quick."

The driver jerked his head at the shadow. "Get in. Up front."

Twenty minutes later, Nettie Hallett sat between S. Mackinoff and the shadow in the De Luxe Diner, drinking hot coffee out of a crockery cup. Her ten-thousand-dollar wrap hung drying near the gas stove, adding the odor of wet ermine to the aroma of Mocha, the reek of frying grease, the fine human stench of soggy longshoremen. It seemed to her a fine place, warm and bright and friendly. Also, for the first time in years, she had an appetite.

"Go ahead and eat," she said. "All you want. I'm paying for everybody."

"You *mean* that, lady?"

The ten or twelve men at the counter leaned forward to stare at her, their faces overlapping.

"My treat," Nettie said.

With a roar, they fell to. Hamburgers. Eggs. Waffles. Pie. Steak. Frieds. They grinned at her, wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands.

"Thanks, sister!"

She gulped the hot coffee. . . . Sister! What a wonderful word. She paid the bill and folded herself in ermine again.

Outside: "Better let me take you home, ma'am," S. Mackinoff suggested politely. "It's ten o'clock."

Nettie surveyed him, trying to fathom his purpose. Behind him, the steaming windows of the De Luxe glowed, warm and red. She felt a pang of longing for that brief lusty moment of companionship. Then doubt took possession of her mind. The old habitual distrust.

She was safe, she reminded herself, only because those men in there hadn't recognized the Constantia. They had taken it for a glass bauble, not worth a murder.

"Home?" she repeated. "Certainly not. Take me to a gambling house. A real one. Where criminals go."

SOMEWHERE in the Forties, S. Mackinoff opened the taxi door again.

"You can try here," he said.

"Wait," Nettie commanded.

A flash of the diamond. Her name. And the barred plate glass swung to admit her.

A squat pompadoured man in conventional evening clothes indicated the cloakroom and Nettie surrendered the ermine to a thin blonde little coat-check girl.

"What a beautiful coat, madam! So white and soft. . . ."

The mirrors gave back a strange Nettie Hallett . . . her crisp paillettes sodden, her slippers soaked, her hair limp with snow.

"Oh, madam, your *feet* are wet! You'll catch *cold!*"

The girl produced spares. "They're mine," she said. "Let's see if they fit you."

Down she went on her knees. Nettie thought: She wants a tip, of course.

The man with the pompadour waited. His polished eyes investigated Nettie's glitter. On the first landing he turned her over to a duplicate of himself who smiled and led the way softly, almost gently, up another flight. Neither man spoke. Nor did the third, who stood at the door of a small, hot, brilliantly lighted room where perhaps fifty men and women played roulette. The blazing green of the tables cast a sickly pallor over the inclined intent faces. There was no sound save the drone of the croupiers, the click of the rake over the baize.

Nettie had heard of places like this. For years she had lived in terror of people like these. Now, with no more than a slight acceleration of her pulse, she stood among them.

"Is madam playing?"

She was. She played an hour. Won. Two thousand. Three. Four. The crowd pressed close. Admiring. Warming themselves against her luck.

She didn't cash her chips. She pushed them in front of a young man whose face seemed filled with despair.

"I don't need money," she said. "I just wanted some fun. Good night, everybody."

The three squat slick pompadoured men followed her downstairs to the door of the cloakroom.

"Would madam accept supper and champagne on the house?"

"No, thanks," Nettie said. "I'm on my way to Harlem."

"Wearing the Constantia diamond?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

The three exchanged a quick look. They licked their lips. Their eyes flickered. They smiled.

The coat-check girl was asleep, her brassy head in her arms, her thin back curved over the dressing table. She leaped awake, coughed, and retrieved Nettie's dry slippers from under the radiator. Nettie opened her purse.

"Thanks for the use of your slippers," she said, offering a folded bill.

"Oh, no, madam. I couldn't . . . not for just letting you use my old slippers!"

Slipping her arms into the magnificent wrap, Nettie remembered.

"You liked this coat, didn't you? Well, you can have it. Tomorrow. I'll send it to you. What's your name?"

"Mary Kavanaugh. . . . But, madam . . . the coat's worth a fortune! You mustn't . . . I *couldn't* . . ."

"You need it more than I do," said Nettie. "You must get over that cough." She put her hand briefly on the girl's thin shoulder.

"Good night. And don't cry."

S. MACKINOFF paced the snow, pounding his breast with half-frozen hands.

"I pretty near got the police," he said. "That's a tough joint."

"What time is it?"

"Two thirty."

"Take me to Harlem."

The taxi turned up Fifth. S. Mackinoff opened the window and said sideways, "I wouldn't drive you around with all them diamonds on, only I've got a wife and four kids. I need the money."

The taxi turned off Fifth and into the park. A blurred and muffled whiteness everywhere. And Nettie remembered a time, long ago, when she was a child, driving in the park in a sleigh. . . . Oh, to be young, and to live life over again—to drain it to the last drop!

Nettie closed her eyes. The tears squeezed over and ran down her cheeks. Her first tears, hot and sweet.

S. Mackinoff rapped on the glass. "A car's following. . . . Shall I step on it?"

"No," said Nettie.

So! They were coming for the Constantia! Father Cotton was wrong, after all . . . and she was a fool . . . a fool!

Amber lights stabbed through the taxi's rear window. Nettie huddled in her fur and waited for the dash alongside, the shot perhaps. . . . She was not frightened. Only sad, because it looked as if her first adventure were almost over.

The other car stayed behind, slowing when the taxi slowed, speeding up when the taxi took on speed. North, at 110th Street, the amber eyes turned aside and disappeared.

The driver opened the window again.

"My mistake," he said. "Still want to go to Harlem, lady?"

"Yes," said Nettie.

S. Mackinoff took her to a terrible place. Down an areaway. Through a storeroom. Along a crack of an alley between toppling tenement walls. . . . Exotic swing music. Ribald. Lusty. African. A great bare room choked with smoke. . . . A pungent odor of musk, liquor . . . flesh. . . .

"Table? This way."

Nettie followed. There was a flash of silence, watchful, enveloping.

Nettie sat at a table near the orchestra. The waiter, an enormous Negro, blue-black, took her order.

"Champagne. Ham and eggs. Yes, ma'am."

Perhaps it was the music. But her heart began to beat as it hadn't beaten for twenty years. Glancing down at herself, she saw the Constantia throbbing on its chain. It was like a sentient thing. It struck beams of light into the orange-and-blue murk of the dance hall. Perhaps the diamond, too, had been unhappy all these years . . . guarded, restricted, alone in the vault. Now it shared the violence of Nettie Hallett's awakening.

A terrible place, this . . . but alive. Nettie thought of her great cold house . . . herself, alone there. This was better. This was out and free!

A girl was dancing in a cleared space on the floor. She was tall and thin and the color of cambric tea. Nettie had never seen such dancing. She was like a particle of dust swimming in the air, a sun mote, like a hummingbird in the honeysuckle. She made hoops and crescents of black music and soared up and over, shimmering. . . .

"Here's your champagne, ma'am."

Nettie let the ermine fall over the back of the chair. It was fun to sit in the center of this jungle orgy in all her jewels. Fun not to be afraid. . . .

THE dancing girl sat down at Nettie's table. She was young and very wistful. She rested her cheeks in her pale cream-colored palms and stared at the Constantia diamond.

"Heaven above," she said in a sweet treble, "that's pretty! . . . I ain't never seen so much dazzle."

Nettie slipped the platinum chain over her head and handed the diamond to the Negress.

"Go out and dance," said Nettie. "Wear it."

The girl stared down into the pool of light. The Constantia made pyramids and triangles of radiance in her eyes.

"*Can* I?"

And suddenly she was off, shivering with ecstasy, the great stone brilliant between her breasts.

"Play me something crazy! Play me diamonds! Play me rich!"

Nettie Hallett sat alone at the table. She had every reason to believe she would never see the Constantia again. But there was a new hope in her heart. She clasped her hands till the rings bit into her fingers.

The tall yellow girl went into a mad swirling climax. The crowd shouted. The tubas, saxes, horns, drums, cornets crashed in tumult. . . .

Nettie closed her eyes.

When she opened them, the dancer was leaning on the table, panting, the diamond extended in the upturned palm of her hand.

"Here it is. Thank you, ma'am."

"You could have stolen it," Nettie said slowly.

"I could of. Only I don't *want* nothing stolen."

"What *do* you want? More than anything?"

"Me?" The dancer smiled. "I wants to dance in the Rainbow Room . . . where it's so beautiful. . . ."

"I guess I can fix *that*," Nettie said. "With my money I can do lots of things. . . . I'm just beginning to find out how much."

S. MACKINOFF turned the taxi back toward Beekman Place.

All the way down Nettie studied his ears. She thought how much she liked him. How much she had learned to depend upon him.

"Well," he said at last, "here we are."

Nettie got out at her own door. It was four thirty in the morning. Dawn etched the horizon.

"If you want a job," she said, "come back about noon and see my secretary, Mr. Mathew. You can drive my Rolls. Two hundred a month. Thursdays off."

Suddenly she offered her hand.

S. Mackinoff caught his mitten between his teeth.

"You sure had me worried, ma'am. . . . But I guess I got the big idea all right. . . . It's a good thing to step out once in a while and just be crazy."

Rice fumbled incredulously at opening the door. In the hall, grim, pale, distraught, were Mathew and the chief of police.

"Why the fuss?" Nettie said. "I've had a wonderful time. I've dined with stevedores. I've gambled with criminals. I've been to the Battery and to Harlem. I've made friends. I've found something to do. And I'm safe and sound."

"You're damned lucky," the chief of police said. "You're alive, all right. You've got your jewels. Nobody kidnaped you. Nobody murdered you. But it's a freak of nature. I just got word from the Department. Not a single crime has been committed in Greater New York tonight . . . *not a single crime*, big or little. . . . It's the first time on record!"

He removed a mangled cigar from the corner of his mouth.

"It's a miracle, I tell you!"

"Yes," Nettie Hallett said. She stood very still, her eyes closed, smiling. "A miracle."

And real as sight itself she saw Father Cotton hurrying up the steps into St. Jude's.

THE END

Storm Signals on the Rio Grande

Totalitarian influences in Mexico have planted a bomb on our back doorstep.

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The grim inside story of a new danger at our door

STOP looking eastward for a Nazi invasion. You will get a crick in the neck before it comes, and the kick that is being poised for delivery on your southwesterly bulge will hurt the more.

For the Nazis and the Communists are ganging up on us in Mexico, and the United States has cause to worry as reports shower upon Washington from our observers—official, unofficial, and secret—that what is going to happen "south of the border" before December 1 will be no fiesta of roses.

Moreover, the European troublemakers have been in Mexico a long time, since 1915 in fact, working like termites. The Berlin gang suffered a decided setback in 1917, and was all but disintegrated when its stooge, President Venustiano Carranza, was assassinated three years later. The Moscow mob has grown. When the reorganized and reinspired Berlin gang got its orders last August to join hands with the Mexican Reds, a witches' brew of trouble was cooked up for the United States.

One of the most explosive ingredients in the delayed-action bomb under our back doorstep is Mexico's petroleum. We will analyze that later, but let it be said here that Germany's and Italy's oily fingerprints are all over the place. And Moscow's.

Europe has always been interested in Mexico. It was discovered, seized, settled, and exploited by Spain. Napoleon Bonaparte's disruption of the old Spanish empire gave the Mexicans their opportunity for independence, which was finally achieved in 1821, but it was only a political independence. In just forty years a German prince was "Emperor of Mexico."

No sooner was the United States embroiled in its bloody Civil War than European power politics moved into this hemisphere. Great Britain, frankly anti-American then, and Napoleon III of France, kept their hooks in Mexico until 1865, when the United States ordered them to get out—or else!

The United States had to chase Europe out of Mexico once. Will it have to do so again?

Perhaps. Some American officials are convinced that we will certainly have to do it again. But the job will not be an easy one. In 1865 European armies were in Mexico. In 1940 European *ideas*—the totalitarian idea—are in Mexico, far more firmly entrenched than ever were British marines and French legionnaires. How can alien ideas be blasted out of Mexico without destroying the Spanish-Indo-American heads that hold them? And yet those ideas are creating a Communazi ferment that can, and threatens to, blow up Pan-America and the whole democratic structure of the entire Western Hemisphere. Through the hole created by that explosion will certainly pour the forces of European totalitarianism, just as the Nazi Panzer divisions swarmed into France through the breach in the Little Maginot Line.

And when is all this going to happen? The answer can be boiled down to this: "It is happening *now*."

The presidential election in Mexico may have been the spark on the fuse which set off the bomb on our back doorstep.

Why is it going to happen?

American observers — official, unofficial, *and* secret—agree pretty unanimously that the European-inspired revolution has these purposes:

To divert attention from the plight of Britain and France, if they are still fighting, and to interrupt thereby the flow of war materials from this country to the Allies in response to an hysteria of self-armament;

To prevent the United States from entering the war by giving us all we can handle in our own back yard;

To disrupt the united front of the American republics, and to provide a breach for Nazism to enter, politically at first, in full military force from bases on this continent later.

And, these selfsame observers declare, please do not blame the Mexicans. Do not start to hate and revile them. They are, in the mass, an emotional, illiterate, hybrid people less than a generation removed from feudalism. Poverty-stricken, primitive, exploited, they are the prime stuff of which mobs are made. If democracy used the same tactics employed by Nazism and Communism, we could have them cheering for the United States and Standard Oil in six weeks. It's too late now, even if we would stoop to bribery, assassination, and demagoguery—or knew how.

Creating trouble in Mexico to injure the United States is as promi-

nent a chapter in the German manual of war as the Schlieffen plan to conquer France by sweeping through the neutral Lowland countries. The two plans almost succeeded a score of years ago. In this war the Schlieffen plan *did* work—and its originators are sure the back-stab at the United States will work too.

Let us go back a bit. Long after Mexico achieved nominal independence it remained culturally and economically dependent on foreigners. From 1877 to 1911 Mexico was under a dictatorship, that of Porfirio Diaz. The Mexican peasants were kept in peonage. Disorders were brutally suppressed. Most of the land belonged to Spanish-Americans of unmixed blood who sent their children to Spain to be educated and to spend the money earned by the sweat and frequently the blood of the peasantry. Huge plantations and mines were in the hands of religious orders which paid no taxes. Foreign capital was granted the most extraordinary concessions, and factories, railroads, and farms and mines drained more of Mexico's wealth into foreign pockets—Americans' increasingly.

THE Germans came late into the field. The cream of Mexico's natural resources was in British, Dutch, French, and American hands when the Teutons came along, so they concentrated on the retail business. German shoes and cameras and chinaware and brass beds and tools were bought by the Mexicans from the wages paid them by their distant American and English bosses for exploiting Mexico's natural wealth. They wanted more money to buy more German gimcracks, and their ambition was inflamed by the German propagandists.

In 1911 Diaz abdicated in the face of a revolution led by Francisco Madero, an impractical idealist whose blunders and compromises produced only a counterrevolution and his own execution in two years' time. His successor was Victoriano Huerta, whom the United States had to spank early in 1914 for insulting the American flag. Huerta was finally forced to resign just as the World War was breaking over Europe, and the leader of the successful revolution, Venustiano Carranza, became president. He promised reforms, and started to carry them out. Land was made available for the peasants, friendly relationships were restored with the United States.

But the German agents were busy in Mexico, seeking to sabotage British and French interests. Carranza bet on the wrong horse, because he only listened to tipsters from the Potsdam stables. When Pancho Villa massacred eighteen American miners at Santa Isabel and killed seventeen persons in a raid across the border on Columbus, New Mexico, the United States sent a punitive force under General John J. Pershing into Mexico. Everything was working according to the plans of the German troublemakers, who by 1916 sensed that American participation in the war against Germany was certain unless it could be headed off. Carranza ordered his soldiers to harass the Americans, and many a doughboy was picked off by Mexico's army.

We all remember what Germany promised Mexico — California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas— "after the war." Until the armistice, Mexico under Carranza was the center of anti-American intrigue. The end of the war ended the intrigue but it did not change the intriguers.

IN 1917, while American eyes and hands were busy with Germany, Carranza summoned a constitutional assembly and laid down the foundation of the expropriation acts of 1940. Everything under the soil's surface, it was decreed, belonged to the nation—and that meant, principally, oil. The confiscation was halted by official American protests and the threat of the American, British, and Dutch oil companies to go out of business—and Carranza had no capital and no trained men with which to carry on that business.

Every once in a while, during the succeeding years, Mexican governments made a gesture toward ousting the foreign oil interests, but were stopped because they could not carry on the business themselves. Then the dictatorships erupted in Europe, and their emissaries went to work in Latin America. They organized the postwar immigrant colonies in Brazil, Chile, the Argentine, Peru, Bolivia. They introduced barter. They needed Latin America's raw materials but had no money to pay for them. Latin America needed textiles, automobiles, machinery, tools, cameras, and had no money to pay for them. The United States refused to buy Latin-American raw materials, except oil and rubber and rare metals, but wanted to sell its factories' products—for cash.

Germany displaced Britain and began to creep up on the United States as Latin America's best customer and provider. German aviators flew Latin America's airplanes, organized its air routes. Italian bankers and munitions manufacturers took mortgages on Peru and Central American republics. The Latin Americans were flattered. The German and Italian envoys of business spoke Spanish; British and American business men insisted that English be employed in transactions in Spanish America.

In 1934 Lazaro Cardenas was elected president for six years on an out-and-out revolutionary platform. The United States had contracted to buy 35,000,000 ounces of silver from the Mexican *government* annually, besides its purchases from private mine owners—mostly American, incidentally. German chemists and technicians were urging Cardenas to permit them to develop Mexican resources "for the Mexicans." Hitler was marking time in Europe, but that part of the world not too complacent or full of self-pity knew it was the one-two, one-two of an army waiting for the command to march. The Hitler advance men in Latin America knew it, too, of course.

Cardenas was, and is, a mystic. He has no business sense. His mystical faith in himself and his doctrine of "Mexico for the Mexicans" were made to order for the European plotters whose best weapon and best concealment are one and the same: the promotion of intense nationalism.

Anyhow, Cardenas' actions seemed more inspired by Moscow than Berlin when he started to dispossess the Catholic Church and confiscated the haciendas of the big absentee landowners and divided the land among the peasants.

In 1936 the oil-industry laborers staged a general strike and demanded new wage contracts all around. Cardenas solemnly announced government arbitration of the dispute, and ruled that the oil companies would have to increase wages by a total of $11,000,000 a year, provide an elaborate workers' pension system, and grant employee representation in the management of the industry. The companies said they couldn't do it. On March 18, 1938, Cardenas suddenly announced all the companies' properties to be "expropriated." That meant they were taken over by the workers, and after an appraisal the former owners would be compensated for their loss on a ten-year installment plan. Britain and the United States and Holland protested. The United States immediately canceled the silver-purchasing agreement, and hasn't bought an ounce of silver from the Mexican government since March 28, 1938. The British recalled their minister.

GERMAN and Italian agents, hiding their grins, told Cardenas not to worry. Not only would they help operate the oil industry, but they would buy Mexico's oil—not for cash, however. They would pay in goods. Italy promised to build merchant ships, tankers especially, for Mexico, so it could have its own merchant marine. The ships were never delivered. The Germans paid for their oil with factory products and gadgets. Pretty soon Mexico was so loaded down with German cameras and combination tool sets that the government had to dump them on its Latin-American neighbors for any price the articles would bring.

Then, in 1937, Hitler began to march. The technicians went home, but they were replaced by political organizers, men like Arthur Dietrich for instance, of whom more presently.

A year ago there were two powerful and antagonistic organizations in Mexico — the Fascistic Vanguardia Nacional and the Communistic CTM —Confederacion de Trabajadores Mexicano. Eleven months ago they joined hands, forces, and voices. If there is any need for evidence that the Communistic and the Fascistic groups in the Americas get their orders from Berlin and Moscow, no

matter how much they wave the flag of the country they are trying to sabotage, there it is. Hitler and Stalin kissed and made up. As, soon after, the Vanguardistas and the CTM began playing ring-around-a-rosy and riding double on the Trojan horse.

And the chorus they sing is: "Down with the gringos! Down with *los Americanos del Norte!* Roosevelt wants to lead Mexico and her Spanish neighbors into war, so he can annex our oil fields."

Under Mexican mismanagement the oil industry has almost collapsed. Now "owned" by the workers who childishly boosted their wages and cut down their hours of work, the industry showed a deficit of $4,000,000 in 1939, and losses thus far in 1940 threaten to pass the $10,000,000 mark by December. Mexico has lost its money market for oil, and its barter market has also vanished. The government has lost millions in taxes and millions in income from silver that the United States used to buy so accommodatingly. The peso has dropped badly, the cost of living has increased nearly 100 per cent in the industrial areas, and — the United States is getting the blame!

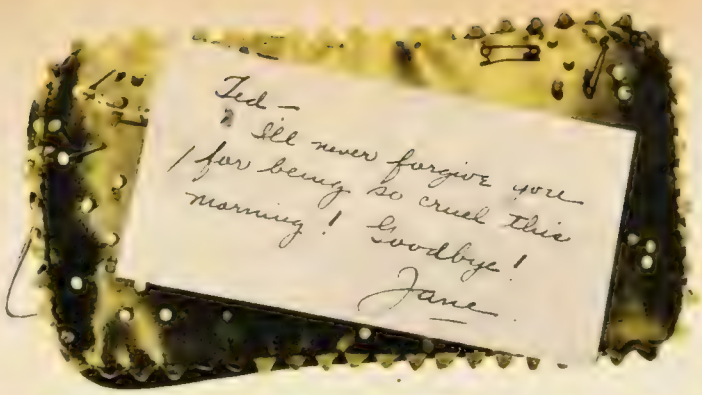
A HUNGRY, discontented, semi-illiterate, semi-peon mass of Mexicans is being told in so many words that "Yankee imperialism" is to blame for the fact that oil production is costing Mexico money instead of enriching it, and the boy most busily engaged in telling it was that Arthur Dietrich, "press attaché" of the German Legation.

Dietrich, brother of No. 2 Nazi propagandist Heinrich Dietrich, was ordered to leave Mexico late in June, 1939, when American displeasure over his activities was pointedly brought home to Cardenas. Who will succeed him is perhaps unimportant, for his work was well finished when the ouster came. Under direction of General Wilhelm Faupel, chief of the Nazi Spanish-American bureau in Berlin, Dietrich concentrated on the theme chosen by his boss: "There is but *one* danger in Latin America. That is the United States!"

He preached it in the German-subsidized columns of newspapers and magazines, and in radio time paid for by levies on the 9,000 German business men, not all Nazis at heart, in Mexico. He has had two able Mexican lieutenants, Adolfo Leon Ossorio, leader of the Nazist Vanguardia, and Vincente Lombardo Toledano, chief of the Communistic CTM.

Both organizations have organized private armies which are being whipped into military shape by European drillmasters. The Vanguardists have an elite corps of 20,000 storm troopers, while the CTM's army is a poorly armed, less disciplined outfit, although ten times stronger numerically.

The F. B. I., it can be revealed, has been keeping close tabs on a steady drift toward Texas border cities of known Communist organizers and



MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.

SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. Either way, you get richer, *golden* soap working with *gentle naptha!* That team sure makes dirt scat!

TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. *Huskier, golden* chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders.

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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Nazi-Fascist agents. From other sources comes word to Washington that 1,700 German "business men" and "technicians" have arrived in Mexico from abroad and from more distant Latin-American centers. That is the "Trojan horse" technique which delivered Austria and Danzig and Norway into Nazi hands.

Every aspect of anti-American and anti-democratic propaganda in Mexico follows identically the technique used by Mussolini to whip up anti-Allied hysteria in Italy. Inflammatory newspaper articles and radio speeches, well organized mass demonstrations which coalesce out of nowhere and vanish as suddenly after screaming their protests against the rape of Mexico by vicious old Uncle Sam. Who sucked Mexico's petroleum riches out of Mexican earth with underpaid Mexican labor? England, Holland, the United States! Who, when dispossessed, put the economic squeeze on Mexico's poor working classes? England, Holland, and the United States!

Who is fighting England and Holland, enslavers of the dark-skinned peoples of the world? *Germany!*

Whom does imperialistic, greedy Uncle Sam want the Latin Americans to fight? Germany, *por Dios!*

That is the chant pounded into the minds of Mexico's hungry, bewildered masses. It has hypnotized them.

Made to order for Hitler's plans is Mexico's necessity this year of changing presidents.

For months in advance of the recent Mexican election the question in the United States was not whether Cardenas' stooge General Manuel Camacho would win, or the American-favored conservative General Juan Almazan. The real question is, will either of them be alive December 1, when Cardenas quits office? Will Cardenas himself survive?

Not a candidate, but darkly suspected by many on this side of the Rio Grande as the man "most likely to succeed," is General Joaquin Amaro, a full-blooded Indian who says he hates the Yankees, and who hobnobs with the German element.

Well, what if the worst happens? Suppose Mexico has another revolution? Another dictatorship? What is Cardenas but a dictator?

A native dictatorship is one thing, a frankly anti-American dictatorship erected by European plotters on a European model is something entirely different, to begin with. Suppose there is another Pancho Villa episode? If the United States is forced to strike back against a bandit raid, the propagandists are all ready with their slander. "Nyah, nyah! The Americans virtuously condemn Japan for punishing bandits in China, but they use the same excuse for invading Mexico!" That is the war cry the Mexicans will hear, and it will be raised the length and breadth of Spanish America, already deluged with Nazi and Fascist propaganda from Spain, as this correspondent revealed to Liberty readers a year ago.

Aside from disrupting the carefully erected structure of Pan-American good will, aside from all considerations of diverting our aid and sympathy from victims of Hitlerian blitzkrieg, there is this to consider: Could we safely tolerate a next-door neighbor under the influence of totalitarian drugs, who can toss a bomb out of his kitchen window into the locks of the vital Panama Canal? Whose airfields are but a few hours' flight from the big industrial cities of the lower Middle West and the all-important bridges across the Mississippi? Chairman Martin Dies of the Congressional Committee for Investigating Un-American Activities is a Texan, in intimate touch with what goes on in Mexico. He claims to have proof that more than twenty disguised airfields have been constructed near the Mexican-American border. A false alarm? I know that the Army Intelligence has spotted in one Central American country, close to the Canal Zone, a mile-square "cotton plantation" where cotton has never been grown, whose leveled acres are tended by foreign huskies. To be more explicit would be to violate a confidence.

And yet we cannot say to a neighbor: "Stop this! Kick out the foreign agitators. Cease slandering us."

All we can do is to hope for the best and prepare for the worst, and if the worst comes, to wade in with our eyes open.

THE END

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WOLVES IN THE WINDY CITY

Chicago behind the scenes!

A picturesque study in crime

Horse parlors that used to be dingy were transformed. Some had bars and catering service.

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A synopsis of the preceding installment of this series will be found on page 22

PART TWO—HORSES, SUCKERS, AND $1,500,000,000 A YEAR

CHICAGO is a tough town. It has always been a tough town, and it probably always will be — even when United States District Attorney Campbell sends the tough guys to jail. So don't misunderstand me when I say that during the reign of Moe Annenberg, Chicago acquired culture.

Culture and calluses.

And, oddly enough, both came out of saddles.

Moe bought himself a bit of a ranch in Wyoming. Only nine hundred acres, but it was a ranch. Bill Johnson, top gambler in Chicago, and Bill Skidmore, reputed pay-off man, junk dealer, protector, and politician, followed Annenberg's lead—but without getting far from their source of supplies.

Johnson bought the Arthur Cutten estate at Glen Ellyn, just north of town, paying $145,000 for it—bills carefully wrapped up in an old newspaper. Skidmore bought seven farms west of the city limits and merged them into an estate. Both bought horses and cows and hogs and chick-

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ens; and both invited guests out for a canter, a bowl of fresh milk, or a plate of home-cured bacon and fresh-laid eggs.

Goons, mugs, hoods, musclers, pimps, and gamblers all went horse crazy. You could see them most any nice day riding in the parks, in the forest preserve that rings Chicago, or on the country estates of their pals. And you could hear guys in Joliet murmuring sadly, "What I miss most in stir is my daily hossback ride."

Many a gunman who had never even seen a nag, except in the movies, bought himself a riding outfit, a couple of sacks of oats, a bale of hay, and a steed of some kind, and went in for light horsekeeping.

Eventually even the policy kings on the South Side got the horse fever. The Jones boys especially did. The Jones boys are three: Edward P., McKissack McHenry, and George P. They are the sons of a colored minister who came to Chicago from Mississippi. They once worked as waiters in a Pullman diner. Now they are in control of the policy, or numbers, racket. They operate at least twenty policy wheels. They take bets from a penny up. They hold three lottery drawings every day, deal with over 60,000 customers, and take in between $10,000 and $15,000 every twenty-four hours.

The Jones boys went riding, like the other self-made gentlemen, every morning, rain or shine. But they went further with their saddle-born culture. They bought refined raiment, not just clothes. Edward P. was never known to wear the same suit twice, and he bought a tailor shop and a department store to assure himself of adequate clothing supplies. He also bought himself a villa in Cannes, where he used to pass the summers.

NOW, the Jones boys are not to be confused with the character known as "Give-a-Damn" Jones. "Give-a-Damn" is a nice old fellow of seventy or so, the friend, confidant, shadow, and adviser of Iley Kelly, another of the colored policy kings. He isn't a hoodlum. He brags of no horse poise. He is known simply as Kelly's friend. He was one of the few sincere mourners at the funeral of Kelly's brother Walter—who was "let out" when he tried to muscle in on Indiana's policy syndicate. And he once saved Iley from the federal dicks.

The government wanted to question Kelly in connection with the Johnson conspiracy indictments. Agents learned he was in Hot Springs with a girl and Jones and his chauffeur, known to them only as "Three Meals."

Before anything could be done, Kelly had taken a train with Jones and the young lady to return to Chicago. The detectives boarded the train the next morning at Springfield, Illinois, and knocked on the door of Kelly's stateroom. "Give-a-Damn" opened it.

"You Kelly?" he was asked.

He extended his hand for the subpoena and rolled his eyes. "Boss man," he said, "you got me, sure 'nough." He appeared in court the next morning, greatly embarrassed to learn it was Kelly the government wanted.

"There must be a mistake," said a disgusted dick. "You're just a little fish. Just a stooge. We wanted Kelly. Beat it and don't come back."

"I give a damn," said "Give-a-Damn" Jones, and laughed himself silly all the way home.

Culture kept seeping up out of the saddle—and the saddle sores—into the brains of Chicago's mobsters until it all but overpowered them.

Horse parlors that used to be dingy, furtive, flyspecked little dens were transformed into imposing suites and furnished with costly furniture. Some even had bars and catering service. Several installed French chefs and served delicious tidbits to their patrons.

Ladies and gentlemen were invited to lose their money in comfort and luxury; an appeal that could not be denied. Hundreds of men and women who had never thought of going into one of the old-fashioned uncultured horse parlors flocked to the new betting boudoirs and spent most of the day there. It was normal for such a place to entertain four hundred or five hundred guests within fifteen minutes after it opened.

This sort of culture brought millions and millions of dollars into the pockets of Annenberg and Johnson and Skidmore and the others of the newly gentle. The government estimates that these betting parlors took over $1,500,000,000 every year from the suckers.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Doherty pictured Chicago as a great city in a sorry condition but not hopeless. Racketeers take heavy tolls, vice and gambling flourish, corruption is widespread. But a real clean-up is under way, the cleaners being the federal government, through United States District Attorney W. J. Campbell; the State of Illinois, through its attorney Thomas Courtney; and the municipality itself. It was the federal Treasury Department's examination of the incomes of Moses L. Annenberg and others that disclosed to Campbell how much the Annenberg race-track news service empire must amount to. He went after it under the federal lottery law, and it crumpled—to the dismay of its friends among the racketeers.

In Chicago, Mr. Doherty explains, there has been no systematic domination by a political machine linked with an organized underworld. Because the city includes such a patchwork of small foreign-born communities, its real bosses are the major parties' ward committeemen. Those of them who are corrupt have been the political allies of vice, crime, and the racketeers or boogey men of "the syndicate." The racketeers are a hangover from the Capone era. They are partners—or else!—in restaurants, the liquor business, and labor unions, as well as in vice, gambling, etc. Some of them sold bookies, by coercion, on the Annenberg news service. Campbell now has a "secret weapon" that should mean the jailing or the flight of every one of them.

The refinement in some cases extended not only to the *modus operandi* of a racket but to the language used by its operators. When people had to be half killed to make them see reason, or had to be let out altogether, the dirty work was done with politeness and tact. No gentleman ever bragged of what he had done for his racket, of what sums he had held out on the government, or of what amounts he had paid for his parole. When he had to take over some tavern or saloon or honky-tonk or bookie joint, he was careful not to say, "Brother, we're partners—or else." He simply said, "Brother, we're partners." And no gentleman took more than 80 per cent of the profits as his fair share of such partnership.

There was so much culture in Chicago it defeated itself and caused its devotees not only alarm but also exquisite embarrassment.

WHEN the federal grand jury began to look into things in Chicago, Bill Skidmore's junk-yard school of culture was brought to their attention first.

The junk yard was one of the favorite trysts of the horsy gentry, only none of them ever rode in there on a horse. They always came by car. Investigators, led by Clarence Converse of the Department of Internal Revenue, took down the numbers on the license plates on every car, and so obtained a visitors' list. Not content with this, they installed a moving-picture camera and an operator in a railroad watchtower that overlooked the yard, and got pictures of all Skidmore's guests.

These guests came regularly, as though by appointment, or as per schedule, or on request. They spent but a few minutes with their host, then took their leave. They were all gamblers of sorts, brothers of the syndicate that controlled the slot machines and the "jute boxes" and the peanut-vending machines, and owners or managers of bookie dives.

The government believed they came to pay Skidmore a percentage of their take, so that Skidmore would distribute it among his political friends, and thus assure the donors of continued prosperity in their separate rackets. The government believed this because it knew that none of them could operate without Skidmore's O. K.

The guests were called before the grand jury to tell why they visited the junk yard so often. Each and every one of them answered, "I go there to buy eggs—fresh eggs. Skid brings them in fresh from his country place every day." Some claimed they bought two or three dozen eggs every week—but couldn't tell what they did with them.

Probably the most embarrassed witness was an officer of the law.

"Sure I went to see Skidmore at the junk yard," he admitted. "Why shouldn't I? I bought eggs from him. Nice fresh eggs."

One of the officer's duties was to

prevent, or to suppress, gambling. But it turned out he didn't know much about gambling—even though he did know Skidmore.

"Do you know William Johnson?"

"Yes. I've met him."

"Isn't it true you used to go riding frequently at his estate in Glen Ellyn?"

This is not, of course, the exact conversation that ensued in the grand jury room, but is the tenor of it.

The witness explained how he had come to know Mr. Johnson. He was passing by the Glen Ellyn place one hot summer day when he saw some horses running around. It came to him that he'd like to get on one of those nags and try his luck. It was as simple as that. He had no idea who owned the estate. He had never met Johnson. But he felt maybe he could get a ride anyway, so he went to a man at the stables and asked for a horse. The man said, "Certainly."

The officer went back again and again, simply because he liked to ride. The man at the stables always let him have the same horse. He grew so fond of that horse he went and bought a complete riding outfit "to do the horse proud." And then one day . . .

The grand jurors let him go just so far, then had him brought before Judge Wilkerson on contempt proceedings. They thought the officer was having fun with them. The judge advised him to return to the grand jury room and tell the truth. And, as there was no further action taken against him, it may be assumed that he followed that advice.

He wasn't the only guardian of the peace questioned by the grand jurors. Every captain on the city police force was asked about gambling; and nearly every one of them swore he knew nothing about it.

While the witnesses were testifying before the grand jury, the quiet government bookkeepers were checking up on the witnesses. They discovered amazing things.

THE Jones boys, for instance, taking in pennies, nickels, and dimes, were rolling in wealth. Managers of Johnson's gambling clubs were filthy rich. Chicago was broke. Factories were idle. Thousands and thousands of families were on relief. Many people were near starvation. But the gamblers, the panders, the syndicateers, the muscle men, the horse brigade were stinking with money.

In the indictments that ensued it is charged, among many other things:

That Edward P. Jones attempted to evade payment of taxes of $803,650.33 during the years 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1938;

That his brother, McKissack McHenry Jones, attempted to evade payment of $123,497.77 during the same period;

That his other brother, George P. Jones, attempted to evade payment of $93,306.49 during this period.

Annenberg, Skidmore, and Johnson, the three horsemen of Chicago, were the principal income-tax cheat-

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HERE ARE MORE WINNERS OF LIBERTY'S $2,000 JUMBLED VACATION RESORTS CONTEST

(Continued from July 13 issue)

Elizabeth Castle, Louisville, Ky.; Kama Catlin, Maplewood, Mo.; Mrs. Raymond Chambers, Williamsville, N. Y.; Daisy Cleland, Davenport, Iowa; Bert B. Cloos, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Mrs. Gladys S. Cobb, Salem, Mass.; Philip Compco, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Marie M. Cook, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Alton W. Corbitt, Atlanta, Ga.; Bessie L. Crocker, Haworth, N. J.; Marguerite C. Culp, Rocky River, Ohio; Mrs. Erminie M. Cummings, New York, N. Y.; Florence M. Davis, Arvada, Colo.; Elizabeth R. deBeixedon, Albuquerque, N. M.; J. De Boer, Elyria, Ohio; Mrs. Paul J. Dwyer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank L. Eaton, Jr., Worcester, Mass.; Ferne Edwards, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. La Vergne Edwards, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Walter E. Emsheimer, San Francisco, Calif.; Ella E. Engelbert, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Memrie Ewing, Montgomery, Ala.; A. R. Fischer, San Antonio, Tex.; Marie C. Fitze, Springfield, Ill.; William H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.; Maud B. Flowers, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary Foraker, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Anna Forsythe, Alexandria, Va.; E. Earl Foster, Fort Worth, Tex.; Anne Marie Fouts, Great Falls, Mont.; Ruth Frederickson, Chicago, Ill.; Bernice M. Frissell, Middletown, Conn.; William R. Fryer, New York, N. Y.; George F. Fynn, Buffalo, N. Y.; Myrtle W. Galvin, Windsor, Conn.; Andrew Garofano, Cranston, R. I.; Miss Jerole Garrett, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Evangeline Gentle, St. Petersburg, Fla.; C. Sterrette Gilbert, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. Marion B. Goebel, San Antonio, Tex.; Evelyn B. Gordon, Washington, D. C.; Carrie B. Gouge, Harristown, Ill.; Mrs. Florence M. Grady, Oceanside, N. Y.; Robert A. Grant, Toms River, N. J.; Mrs. Hester C. Green, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. William Greenhalgh, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. P. D. Hahn, Arlington, Va.; Margaret T. Halahan, Flushing, N. Y.; Ernest Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alma J. Hamre, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mrs. K. A. Hannah, Royal Oak, Mich.; Mrs. Bill Haralson, Trinity, Tex.; Lulu C. Hauge, Long Beach, Calif.

(Continued in an early issue)

ers, according to the government, but there were others who had held out millions.

Skidmore was twice indicted as a tax evader. The sum involved in his 1938 return was $295,648.58. The sum involved for the five preceding years was $210,117.53.

The bookkeepers put his gross income for 1938 at $491,317.62, which didn't compare with the junkman's own figures; but then, it is possible he forgot to list a lot of stray items.

He admitted an income of $2,996.40 from his junk business, and $31,300 from gambling; but claimed a loss on his farming operations which amounted to $19,837.87. His total net income, he swore, was only $18,776.10.

Johnson's debt to the government for 1936, 1937, 1938, the bookkeepers figured at $1,389,919.98. With penalties and interest added, the amount would reach $2,232,497.41.

BUT these men were pikers compared with Annenberg, who was charged, in seven counts of the original indictment, with attempting to evade taxes of nearly $6,000,000.

In the investigation of Johnson and his twenty-six gambling clubs—all of which were supplied with horse-racing information by the Annenberg wire service — federal agents discovered the existence of the Lawrence Avenue Currency Exchange. In charge of this institution, used by Johnson to turn his customers' checks into ready money, was Stuart Solomon Brown—and from July 12, 1938, until September 30, 1939, it had cashed approximately $1,200,000 of customers' paper —which will give you a slight idea of the money bet in Chicago.

Brown got into trouble with the grand jury by telling them he had destroyed all the records. Later he said he had left the binders in which the records had been kept in a drawer in his desk at the bank. He was asked to produce them forthwith, but he said it would be better to wait until morning, as the place was locked up now.

The next morning, bright and early, the grand jury sent somebody to the Exchange with Brown. Sure enough, there were the binders, exactly where Brown said they'd be. Maybe he'd told the truth when he said the records had been destroyed.

But not so. It developed that the binders had been placed in Brown's desk a short time before they were found. William Goldstein, attorney for Skidmore and Johnson, had put them there, according to the government's contention. Mr. Goldstein, who at the present writing is under indictment for perjury and for aiding Johnson and Skidmore to make out fradulent income-tax returns, was asked to explain about the binders.

His explanation was naïve. About 6.30 o'clock on the previous morning, he said, some man had called him up. A voice he'd never heard before had said, "Bill, in the morning you'll find a package wrapped up in newspapers in the lobby of your building. Put it in Brown's cage in the Exchange on your way to Waukegan tomorrow." Goldstein had merely obeyed the unknown's orders.

It may be asked why Councilor Goldstein should have been going to Waukegan when his clients so sorely needed him in Chicago. Well, that's quite a story in itself. It appears that somebody whom he represented had opened a club in Lake County, which the Waukegan Sun, under the direction of Frank Just, attacked as a gambling house.

Efforts were made to shush Mr. Just, according to Mr. Just. The sum of $200,000 was offered him, he claimed. That seems a lot of money, but it's Just's story, not mine. He indignantly refused the offer; and one day, while he wasn't looking, a rival newspaper was established in Waukegan—the Waukegan Post. The plant and the equipment had been bought for cash.

Just got busy, and managed to get a list of the new paper's subscribers. Every one of them was a gambler, a fixer, a muscler, a horseman of some kind, or a captain of the Chicago police force. This led District Attorney Campbell and his staff to infer that when the Annenberg racing news service ended—as it was bound to end —various small newspapers, such as the Waukegan Post, might be utilized to take its place.

The Waukegan Post, though, was never much of a menace to the federal government's efforts to end the evils in racing. Because of the publicity it received, the United Press and other news services refused to have anything to do with it.

SOME of Annenberg's associates did try to organize a substitute service to supply the bookies. They used the telephone and the telegraph wires. They used radio and other means of communication; but they didn't get very far before they, too, were under indictment.

And each indictment threw more light on the boogey men who infest Chicago. In that light the government bookkeepers went to work again.

"Them bookkeepers," an old copper friend of mine put it, "are doing more good work for the city than all the cops on the force, though I'm a cop as says it. Sure, where would we be without them?

"We got three thousand cops and that's all; and, sure, it seems to me there are a hundred grafters and bloodsuckers for every man in uniform—and some of the grafters are in uniform too, more shame to them.

"Look at the things that happen. Crooks buy their way out of jail, if they got money enough. Some of the judges are so crooked you don't dare spit at them for fear you'll miss. The boys have arrested thousands and thousands of policy peddlers, and not a one of them but was turned loose by some jazzbo of a judge. We don't pinch 'em any more. Why should we, and lose our sleep, and get a dirty look from the Bench?

"The syndicate mobsters, when they ain't riding horseback, are making honest shopkeepers put slot machines and jute boxes in their places."

"What's a jute box?" I couldn't help asking.

"Why they call it that, I dunno. It's a nickel-in-the-slot music box. And if you're in business you better put one in or you'll get your place set afire, or get your konk busted. And you better put in the one the boys recommend, or they'll make you tear out the one you got. Same way with slot machines. They're against the law, but who cares about that? You got to have one.

"Funny thing. They tell me Bill Skidmore supplies most of the slot machines in this town. Once in a while the authorities go on a rampage and bust up or confiscate every slot machine they can find. If they don't bust 'em, they're busted out at the bridewell and sold for junk. And who gets 'em? Sure. Bill Skidmore.

"As I was saying, Chicago's gone to hell. It used to be something to be a cop in this town. Your old man was a cop here for forty-odd years. And he was proud of it, wasn't he? Me too. I used to be proud to be a cop here. But it near breaks your heart now when you hear guys talking about cops.

"Of course it all began in prohibition. The cop was an honest guy, but he didn't care to enforce prohibition. Nobody wanted prohibition but a lot of maniac reformers. So what did a cop care when a truck load of booze was unloaded on his post? The booze runners were afraid the cops might make trouble, though, so they began handing out dough. A fin here, a fin there. The cops had to take it. The captains were getting yard notes where the cops got fins. Soon all the cops—no, let me take that back—most of the cops got to demanding dough, and lots of it. They went on some gangster's pay roll. Capone owned plenty cops.

WELL, you can buy them same cops today for two bits a head, and they ain't worth it. Nobody has any respect for a cop any more, even if they think he's honest. If he's honest they think he's dumb or out of favor with the front office. Anyway, he don't count.

"Lord love you, it's a crucifixion to be a cop in Chicago today; to walk a beat and know what's going on. This guy's running a handbook and making a hundred grand a year. That guy's kicking in to a lot of racketeers you could break with one hand. You meet a judge and say hello, and you know he's as big a crook as the next, but you got to smile and be polite. You know your captain's a thief. What can you do about it? All you can do is pinch some taxpayer for spitting on the sidewalk, and then go off by yourself somewhere and get drunk."

"Cheer up," I said. "Before very long, most of the syndicate guys and the other boogey men will be in jail or on the lam—I mean, on high."

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed. "What are you talking about? All the crooks in jail? What two jails would hold them all?"

"District Attorney Campbell—"

"Don't tell me the United States government is going to put Chicago under martial law and shoot all the muscle men against the wall. Ah, but I'd love to see that day. We had some good tough Micks once who went around exterminating a lot of those rats, but drink got the better of them. Not that I admired them. They were rats too. But they did a lot of good. You got to hand them that."

"Not martial law," I explained. "Just a federal law that nobody knows much about and nobody has used yet. That's what's going to do the trick. Campbell is going to use that law. You wait and see what happens."

"Law!" The cop was a bit contemptuous for a moment. "I'd give them law if I had my way. The law that's in a night stick." Then he became curious.

"What law?" he demanded.

"Read Liberty," I said, "and you'll find out what law."

And so you will, next week, as Mr. Doherty's revelations reach their climax and conclusion! You'll find out, too, just how the fall of Al Capone and the end of prohibition gave Annenberg his chance at empire-building—and gave racketeers theirs in a "rush for the gravy"!

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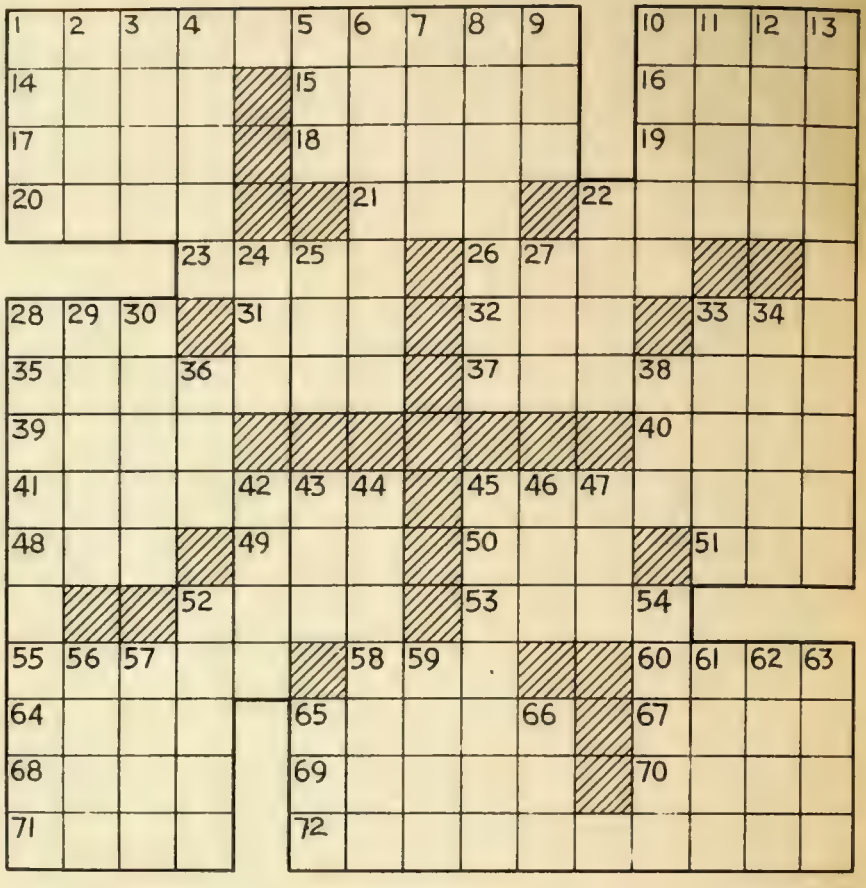
by Ted Shane



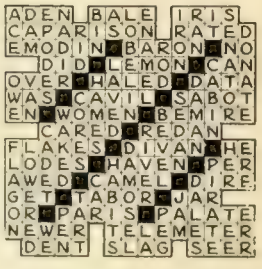
HORIZONTAL

1 Death angel—mechanized (two words)
10 Wrist pantie
14 Refugee No. 1
15 Kind of juicy overhead
16 City now under an iron heel
17 What you do with a telegram
18 Hip trouble
19 What jackasses do with their ears
20 Common German product spread all over Europe
21 The ell with these three
22 What conventional man is buttoned up with
23 One of these days he's going to get himself pretty disliked
26 What I'd like to say to the war
28 That Haggard woman is in again
31 You have to pound this a couple of thousand times to have your weigh
32 What a lousy wit!
33 This half of England
35 What two wise lovebirds should start life on (two words)
37 You'll find a mother's hand in this
39 This is too too
40 Veddy British given name
41 Pastry puss (two words)
45 What women who say ten minutes usually take (two words)
48 Wilson
49 It sounds harmless but criminals take it
50 Ye olde charming rustic roost
51 The head of the house (fem.)
52 A pointed wire
53 "Wal, I swan!" she cried as she saw Zeus; then gave the world a couple of eggs named Castor and Pollux
55 With all this war, he sure must be getting it in the neck
58 What the newlyweds had for breakfast
60 Doesn't hang things on the floor, drop ashes everywhere, etc.
64 Baby smile
65 Acted like an idiot
67 A telltale Grey
68 Talk around the Chicago stockyards
69 The Italian opera
70 This brings out the worst in a man
71 These're full of denials
72 Common complaints of crabs

VERTICAL

1 ———
2 Comic-strip electric light
3 An old Hebrew want
4 Raider cruiser
5 Headlight that gleams, is good-looking, too
6 What no gal likes
7 Great name for a collector
8 "She is in fearful danger," yet you'll find Eden here
9 Kind of highball easy to manage with one hand, catchers say
10 Our best brand of Broadway
11 The car we all drive
12 Grand old rag
13 Strange people, sometimes sprinkled with fifth columnists
22 What a man who swears he'll never bet again usually does
24 What the gal who looked good enough to eat did
25 The Little King (ex)
27 1002
28 An Aryan bloom, sounds fierce but is upstanding and the sweetest thing, even if it does smell
29 Sunny kind of graph and trope
30 The English may put this eating place on the bomb
33 Where Englishmen have their downs
34 Where the Belgians fought bravely
36 This is oft scrambled
38 An odd-sounding villainous laugh
42 Gosh, this sounds sad!
43 Many a youth has made a smash hit in this
44 Polite wrestling hold (works best if you have a girl in it with you)
45 This is terribly gushy (two words)
46 Compass pernt
47 He likes to receive passes and break up plays
52 Here's where your money goes and where the wild thyme grows (pl.)
54 Aussies and Zealies combined
56 Three screamers in unison
57 Linen dandruff
59 Round like a cucumber
61 Things separately
62 The queen with the well known legs
63 Start of most reckless driving (pl.)
65 Roosevelt Strikes Back! (abbr.)
66 The end of a holiday

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Terror RACKET

When summer came, he went back to his swimming pool.

The F. B. I. wins again. A strange true detective tale from G-men's files

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

IN the Philadelphia City Hall on the morning of February 2, 1938, sat the late fat, easygoing Mayor S. Davis Wilson, opening his mail. Suddenly he sat up and whistled.

Here was a letter, anonymous but definite, which warned His Honor that certain leading citizens of the City of Brotherly Love were in danger of being destroyed by bombs. The bombers, the letter said, were members of a well known German-American Nazi organization; and the list of intended victims was headed by Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, chairman of the board of directors of Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Although it was news in Philadelphia's musty old City Hall, the information this letter purported to give was old stuff to J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men in the Department of Justice's spanky-new building in Washington. For nearly three years —since January 22, 1935, to be exact—the Federal Bureau of Investigation had been investigating Philadelphia's baffling "terror racket."

On the January 22 already mentioned, Mr. Simon S. Neuman, president of the Publicker Alcohol Company and one of the wealthy men on the mayor's list, received an anonymous letter, couched in the language of the underworld, which demanded $75,000 from him and $50,000 from his father-in-law, Mr. Harry Publicker, on threat of immediate kidnaping of both gentlemen.

"We'll be out to see you and your daddy-in-law to collect," the letter said.

Mr. Neuman immediately communicated with the Philadelphia office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and an investigation under Director J. Edgar Hoover's personal supervision was instituted. Plans were laid to trap the extortioner when he attempted to make a contact with his victim; but, greatly to the relief of Mr. Neuman, no such attempt was made.

Months passed. Then, in November, Mr. Publicker received an extor-

tion letter similar to the one sent his son-in-law the previous January. This second letter demanded $30,000, and stated that the manner of payment would be outlined later.

Six weeks later, on December 14, 1935, a third anonymous letter, demanding $25,000, was left on the doorstep of a neighbor's house in Merion, the suburb where the Publickers lived. This communication threatened kidnaping and death to the Publicker children if the money was not paid.

Still there were no instructions as to how the extortion money was to be paid. The Publickers hired a private detective to protect their children, rushed with fear in their hearts to meet each postman's ring, to answer each telephone call. Nothing happened until St. Patrick's Day, 1936, when another letter arrived.

This time the extortioner was much more definite in his instructions. To indicate his willingness to comply with the letter's demands, Mr. Publicker was to discharge his chauffeur for a period of ten days. Mr. Neuman, the Publicker son-in-law to whom the first extortion note was addressed, was to be the "pay-off man," and he would be told later just how the money was to be paid.

NOT a word more until nearly a year later, January 9, 1937, when Publicker got a letter threatening to kidnap him *and* the children if he didn't hand over $60,000, and instructing him, as an indication of his willingness to comply, to insert an advertisement in the Philadelphia Record as follows:

"Charley, I will have car repaired. Albert."

Mr. Publicker inserted the advertisement as required, but heard no more from the extortionist until January 26, when he received a most abusive letter accusing him of trying to "trick us" by confiding in law-enforcement officials, and raising the ante to $120,000, on pain of instant blowing up of the Publicker home.

Then, nothing happened for more than a year. But on March 8, 1938, Mr. Publicker received a note instructing him to designate some one to negotiate the pay-off and insert the name of this intermediary in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

This advertisement was inserted, but nothing happened. From that day, no member of either family has heard a word from the extortioner.

However, less than a week after Simon Neuman got his first extortion note in January, 1935, Mr. William Meyer, president of the Apex Hosiery Company, received a communication similar to the Neuman letter, but demanding in this instance $85,000. On February 4 and 14 came two more letters reiterating the demand and abusing Mr. Meyer for having communicated with the G-men.

The St. Valentine's Day letter gave definite instructions for the pay-off. Mr. Meyer was to prepare three packages: one containing $50,000 in ten-dollar bills; one $25,000 in five-dollar bills; and one $10,000 in twenty-dollar bills. With these packages, which were to be placed on the rear seat of his automobile, Mr. Meyer was to proceed alone on the evening of Sunday, the 17th, to a spot on the main street of Norristown, Pennsylvania, where he was to abandon the car, with the money in it, until midnight, when he was to return and drive back to his home in Philadelphia. The letter warned that if any attempt was made to entrap the extortionists during the maneuvers the Meyer family would be immediately exterminated.

WITH commendable spirit, the Meyers refused to be frightened by these threats, and placed their safety in the hands of the F. B. I. agents, who established a secret surveillance over the Meyer home to protect it and its occupants from attack. Mr. Meyer then proceeded with the three packages—decoys, of course—to the Norristown location, left his car as instructed, returned at midnight, and drove home. The packages were still in the car. During his absence no suspicious person had approached the automobile. But ten days later Meyer received a fourth note berating him for double-crossing the writer by confiding in the F. B. I.

On March 12 further orders came. Mr. Meyer was instructed to proceed on March 21, with a friend to act as intermediary, to Pinehurst, North Carolina, where the gang would get in touch with him before March 25.

That was the last the Meyers heard of the extortioner for nearly a year, when, on February 24 and 25, young Billy Meyer, son of the family, answering the telephone on two occasions, was greeted by a gruff, foreign-sounding voice, and told to have his father get together $40,000 and await orders as to how it should be paid. The following day, the 26th, Meyer, Sr., received a letter repeating the $40,000 demand and threatening to kidnap Meyer, Jr., if that sum were not paid. As a sign of his willingness to comply, Mr. Meyer was to insert this notice in the Bulletin's personal column:

"Everything is all arranged. Phil."

Acting under Mr. Hoover's instructions, Mr. Meyer again inserted the notice, but without results. On March 2 came another letter accusing Meyer of spilling the plan to the G-men.

"We are tired of being double-crossed by you and are going to snatch one of your kids," the writer threatened.

The Meyers didn't hear anything more from the gang that spring or summer, but in October came a demand for $15,000, and in March of the following year, 1937, a letter which did not demand money but which abused Mr. Meyer for his alleged attitude on some labor matter and threatened to blow up his home with dynamite. There followed another summer hiatus. Then, about Christmas time, Mrs. Meyer received a letter and a telephone call threatening to snatch her son Billy and telling her she had better hurry and get the money from her husband and pay up.

Thereafter the Meyers, like the Neumans and the Publickers, heard nothing more.

All of the notes in both of these extortion plots, when submitted to the technical laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, were found to have been written by the same person; but since neither the writer nor any other member of the alleged gang had put in a personal appearance, the G-men were completely in the dark as to the probable identity of the extortionist.

Then, there was the matter of motive. The letter to the mayor had mentioned the Nazi angle, but none of the other letters had referred to it. Moreover, there was nothing the least bit Teutonic about either the phraseology or the graphology of the epistles. It seemed likely that barefaced unprovoked extortion was the object of these plots. But, if that were the case, why had the extortioner given up without attempting to collect?

Early in this investigation, in October, 1935, the Philadelphia office of the F. B. I. had itself received ar anonymous letter purporting to give information that a "kidnap gang" was preparing to pull a series of snatches in Philadelphia. Besides Mr. Neuman, Mr. Publicker, and Mr. Meyer, the list included Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald; his brother, Mr. William Rosenwald, a director of Sears, Roebuck and Co.; Mr. Joseph Newton Pew, vice-president of the Sun Oil Company; and Mr. Gerald P. Nugent, president of the Philadelphia National League Baseball Club.

Mr. Hoover was not surprised, therefore, when he learned a few days later that Mr. Pew had received a demand for $50,000, accompanied by a threat to blow up the Pew home unless the money was paid. Nothing came of this.

ON October 13, 1937, Dr. William H. Fineshriber, a rabbi friend of Mr. Lessing Rosenwald, received a telephone call from an unknown man who spoke with a pronounced foreign accent. "You will get a letter tomorrow," said the voice, "and you must follow the instructions carefully."

The letter came as promised. It instructed Dr. Fineshriber to act as intermediary in collecting $75,000 from the Sears, Roebuck board chairman, and contained the usual threats of physical harm to both the rabbi and Mr. Rosenwald and the latter's home and family. Beyond placing a protective guard of private detectives over Mrs. Rosenwald and his children, Mr. Rosenwald took no action.

When, however, on November 16 Mr. Rosenwald himself received an extortion note in the same handwriting as the one sent to the rabbi, officials of Sears, Roebuck and Co. promptly notified the F. B. I.

"Carry $75,000 in bills (all twenty-dollar bills) in two separate packages at all times in your Chrysler," the

letter instructed, and followed up this command with the usual word that the victim would be instructed further as to the exact time and place of contact.

Two days after the demand, November 18, 1937, a maid in the Rosenwald household answered the phone, and was told by an unknown man, apparently a foreigner, that he wished to speak to Mrs. Rosenwald. When informed that she was not in, he snapped:

"Tell her we are ready to crack that $75,000."

And, believe it or not, that was the last the Rosenwalds ever heard of the mysterious extortionist.

Ten weeks later came the letter to the mayor accusing the Nazis. And a year later, in February, 1938, came a telephone call to the home of Gerry Nugent, president of the Phillies. Mrs. Nugent's mother, alone in the house, answered the phone.

"If you don't give us $10,000, we'll take that boy," growled a hoarse foreign voice.

TWO days later the same voice called again. This time Mrs. Nugent herself answered the telephone. The caller said that he and his associates had decided to accept $7,000 instead of the $10,000 originally demanded. Asked how the money was to be gotten to him, he replied: "We will let you know."

On the 19th Mr. Nugent received through the mails a follow-up letter threatening to kidnap either his wife or son if the $7,000 was not paid. He was told to indicate his readiness to comply with the demand by inserting in the Business Opportunities columns of the New York Times an advertisement as follows:

"Will sell a going business for $7,000."

Mr. Nugent inserted the advertisement—and he too heard no more from the mysterious extortionist.

Here, then, were five separate extortion plots executed within a period of approximately three years, each unrelated to the other except in the person of the extortionist. But in no case had the writer of the letters made any attempt to collect.

There must be a pay-off somewhere, the G-men concluded. But what was it?

There was, besides his consistent failure to collect, just one idiosyncrasy exhibited by the extortioner: his penchant for writing letters on holidays and of not writing them in the summer.

An outstanding quality of most of the extortion letters was the wide knowledge the writer possessed of the personal and business affairs of his victims. This factor was especially obvious in the Meyer and Rosenwald cases. The extortionist seemed to know Mr. Meyer's every movement over an extended period, and he was thoroughly familiar with the inner workings of the Sears, Roebuck organization.

(*Continued on page 32*)

"Now they're talking *my* language"

"WHEN I spend my hard earned dollars, I want to be sure of a square deal.

"That guarantee is the first I've seen that really tells me something about new car financing.

"It doesn't beat around the bush. It says plainly that Commercial Credit Company's finance charge will be no more than $6.00 a year per $100 on my unpaid balance, and guarantees that I will get the exact insurance coverage I pay for."

* * *

Look at the table of payments: See how easily you can arrange, *through your dealer,* payments to fit your budget. Furthermore, note this. Should sickness or other personal misfortune upset your budget, even these terms may be eased by adjustment.

Remember, insist on the *Guaranteed* Commercial Credit Plan.

This table shows application of guaranteed new car or truck rate to various amounts, both as to finance charge and amount of monthly payments. Larger or smaller amounts, shorter or longer terms, take proportionate rates.

AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
$300	$18.00	$26.50	$27.00	$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

* NOTE: You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures.) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed.*

COMMERCIAL CREDIT PLAN

Commercial Credit Company

Capital and Surplus More Than $60,000,000

TUNE IN! *Hear latest news by Bob Trout over Columbia Network. See your local paper for time*

To know exactly what it would cost to finance any make of new car,

MAIL THIS COUPON!

★

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

Commercial Credit Company, Baltimore, Md.
Send free copy of New Car Payment Chart

for (make)_____ (model)_____

Name _____

Street _____

City_____ County_____ State_____

"THREE GUESSES

Overheard at the tenth tee:

1. "Your honor, partner. Winning that hole entitles you to step up to the counter and tee off with a cooling can of beer. But maybe *this* will stymie you. Why is opening one of these cans as easy as dropping a six-inch putt?"

4. "Here's what I mean, John. See what little space these cans take? You just stack them on their sides. Those big cans are *quart* Cap-Sealed cans; economical for parties, and when guests drop in. They chill in a jiffy, too."

CONTINENTAL

"Show to play this hole!"

(One's enough . . . order beer or ale the way you like it . . . in those easy-to-open CAP-SEALED CANS!)

. **"You don't need any fancy 'club'** to do it! is is one of those cans that open with *any* ener—a Cap-Sealed can. What's more, you can en drink right out of the can, from a clean, p-protected surface. So, bottoms up!"

3. "One good round deserves another, young lady. Let's get going on that second nine. I want to get through in time to stop at the store on the way home. We'll pick up one of those handy 12-can cartons you've been telling me about."

. **"How about improving your game**—by opping it off with beer or ale in Cap-Sealed ans?" (You'll find that, thanks to the quicker asteurization this can makes possible, your beer etains that true brewery flavor.)

Here's a tip for this coming week-end

Heading for a picnic this week-end? Or a day at the beach? Wherever you go, try this simple, 3-step formula for having a better time!

Step 1. Take along *beer*—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink.

Step 2. Take along *beer in cans*—chills faster, takes less space, no bother about deposits or returns.

Step 3. Take along *beer in CAP-SEALED cans*—because *that's* the can that requires no special opener, and lets you drink right from the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface!

Cap-Sealed
TRADE MARK REG.

TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regulation 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.).

CAN COMPANY *New York · Chicago · San Francisco*

(*Continued from page 29*)

The latter fact naturally directed the investigation toward the big mail-order house and an extraordinary situation was uncovered.

Beginning in January, 1930, from five to eight years before the cases we have been discussing, various officials of Sears, Roebuck and Co. had received a total of sixty-five anonymous letters, some of them demanding money, others accusing various officers and employees of dishonesty and inefficiency. The Bureau's technical laboratory in Washington discovered that all had been written by the same person who was currently conducting his widespread campaign of terror.

THAT the extortionist was an employee or former employee of Sears, Roebuck there now seemed small doubt. But which of the many thousands who worked or had worked for the great concern?

There was one factor which seemed to narrow the field. The writer of these letters apparently knew people and conditions in every branch of the company's business. He must, therefore, belong to a comparatively small group whose duties were general rather than departmental. The trick would seem to be to find some one in this group who also knew intimately, or had been in the confidence of, one or more of the other extortion victims.

Such a person was finally located—one John Morman, manager of an outdoor swimming pool in a Philadelphia amusement park, but as unlikely a suspect as could be found in a month of Philadelphia Sundays: a sturdy American of Midwestern upbringing, thirty-nine years of age, married and the father of a fifteen-year-old son who was a student in a local high school. A solid citizen.

Firmly, and without the slightest trace of foreign accent, Morman denied any knowledge of the letters or any connection with the alleged plots. He admitted that he had worked at various times for Sears, Roebuck and Co., but insisted that no significance should be attached to that fact.

It looked as if the long search had been in vain. But the Bureau's technical laboratory came to the rescue with a scientific report on its comparison of the known writing of John Morman with the writing in the extortion notes which was so convincing that Morman himself had to admit that the handwriting on all the notes was, in fact, his.

Even so, he insisted he was not an extortioner and had never had any intention of collecting the money demanded in the notes.

What, then, was his racket? Simply this:

For eight years prior to his employment as swimming-pool manager he had worked as a private detective for an agency having offices in New York, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia, and since the beginning of his present employment he had supplemented his income during the fall, winter, and spring months—when the pool was not operating—with odd jobs of private detective work obtained through a booking agency patronized by wealthy individuals and corporations. Among the corporations which he had served were Sears, Roebuck and Co., of which Mr. Rosenwald was board chairman, and the Sun Oil Company, of which Mr. Pew was vice-president.

Morman learned that the way to make his detective job a steady one was to keep his employer scared. That was why he began writing the letters to Sears, Roebuck officials. The result he found unexpectedly gratifying. He was not only kept on the pay roll much longer than otherwise would have been the case, but on one occasion was handed a hundred-dollar bonus for especially good work!

Each year, when summer came around, he dropped his detecting and his letter-writing and went back to his swimming pool—and that was why all the extortion letters were mailed in the fall, winter, and spring.

ON this basis he operated successfully for some years. But in the winter of 1934-35, when industrial employment was difficult to obtain, he conceived the idea of transferring his campaign of terror to the snatch racket. The move was well timed. The whole country was still talking about the Lindbergh case and the Hauptmann trial. Rich folk with small children were easily scared; and the first thing they did, when their loved ones were threatened, was to send for a private detective to guard them. So Morman, himself a father, started scaring other fathers and mothers as a means of drumming up trade.

He picked the Publicker and Meyer families more or less at random. The scheme worked in each case. Morman, known to the booking agency as a capable and trustworthy operative, worked first for Publicker, then for Meyer. Later he turned to Pew and Rosenwald because he was familiar with them through work done for their respective companies. Nugent he apparently fixed upon because he saw his name in the sporting pages.

In court, Morman offered no defense; but his story was so incredible that the United States District Judge could scarcely bring himself to believe it.

"How could you," asked His Honor, "destroy the peace of the people to whom you wrote for a paltry six dollars a day?"

John Morman made no answer. He seemed wholly callous to the terror he had brought into those five homes. And on October 18, 1938, after undergoing a thorough sanity test which showed him to be of sound mind and fully responsible for his acts, he started—still unrepentant—for the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

The tag was twenty years!

THE END

$5,000.00 FIRST PRIZE
FOR 10 BEST WORDS
DESCRIBING LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF HASH

2nd Prize... $500.00
3rd Prize.... $100.00
100 Prizes... $10.00 EACH

Tasty! Speedy! Wholesome! Nutritious! Economical!

YOU—yes, you—may win one of 103 fine cash prizes, in an easy new kind of contest that's *fun*. But the opportunity won't be yours much longer—Libby's "Best Words" Contest closes *July 31*.

So stop in at your grocer's *today* and get the simple rules with your Official Entry Blank. (Or see the full-page Libby's Contest announcement in *Liberty* for July 6.) Entering this contest is like playing a game, but *this* game may win you *$5,000* cash!

Get Official Entry Blank and easy Rules at your dealer's

Now hope follows dark despair in a stirring novel of modern romance

Dee was " put through a course of sprouts." But she felt at home.

MONEY talks

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 34

PART EIGHT— A FAIRY GODMOTHER

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

AUNT FLOSSIE BEARSE, touched in spite of herself by her niece's fragile appearance, looked like a lady whose natural affections were doing battle with her Moral Precepts —but the latter were winning. In her bottle-green and somehow weedy costume, she resembled a spinster painted by Grant Wood—some one whose name should never have had Mrs. in front of it, and some one who certainly should never be called Flossie.

" I'm sorry you've been sick, Deeda," she said through pursed lips, " but I think, from the looks of things, that it's just as well I came when I did. Is this Mr. Bassett? " Her tone could have frozen Buzzards Bay—salt water though it is.

Dee made the introductions.

Aunt Flossie h'mphed, looked through him as if he'd been caught chewing gum in her Bible class. Then to Dee she explained that a friend of hers in Providence had seen a New York scandal sheet and had sent it to her. She had kept the story from Dee's mother and father, but had felt it was up to her to protect Dee from the evils of the city—" and from the influence "—with a glare at Walter—" of certain types of city folks." She had had a chance to drive to New York with some of the " girls " of the

Eastern Star for a convention; so here she was. "And a good thing, too!"

Walter, hating to leave Dee with this grim, upsetting relative, stayed until the formidable lady asked to be left alone with her niece.

Walter waited outside, waylaid the nurse, who had put Dee back into bed. "Look," he said. "Nothing is worse for a pneumonia case, is it, than a cold wet wind?"

Smiling in a puzzled way, the nurse shook her head. She knew all about him—his income tax, the size of his yacht, age of his adopted twins, where he was last Tuesday, and what his wife wore when she flew the psychiatrist, Philip Paisley, and several other friends in her plane to Aiken. The nurse considered Walter Bassett as tremendously romantic as he was rich, was thrilled that her patient had hadn't believed either Dee's letters or Mr. Peters', not after the newspaper stories! She had gone right to his church this morning and had learned from him that Dee was here sick. "Naturally he couldn't have you on his program after that party you went to and the way you must have acted to have Mrs. Walter Bassett say the things she said about you!"

Aunt Flossie upset Dee as much as she possibly could in the few short minutes that she had. And she wound up her harangue by insisting that she would take Dee back to the Cape and take care of her.

"It will, of course, add to my burdens," she sighed in martyrlike manner, "but I'd rather do it than have any niece of mine carrying on in a heedless way and getting tangled up with unscrupulous millionaires and getting her name dirtied by being in explain things. His manner was what had prompted many friends to urge him to go into diplomatic service. His smile, his graciousness were what had encouraged other friends to suggest he take a fling at movies. But Mrs. Zenas Bearse would have none of it. She regarded him as thoughtless, unprincipled, predatory; a rich playboy, an Evil Influence. And she showed him as much.

The nurse let Walter see Dee again for a few minutes, feeling that he might cheer her up. And Dee, trying to hide traces of tears, told him she had decided to go home with Aunt Flossie. It was the only sensible thing to do. New York wasn't for her. She knew her voice wasn't good enough; and certainly it was impossible now, and would be for some time. But going home meant she would necessarily be slow in paying him back for

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DEE MASON comes from Cape Cod to New York to try to get a job on a church radio program. Before she is hired, she meets Walter Bassett, a wealthy young man she knew when she was six and he was sixteen, and goes with him to visit his schooner, which is anchored in the Hudson. While she is there, Eloise, Walter's beautiful spoiled wife, comes aboard with a group of friends. Jealous of Walter's attentions to Dee, she makes a scene, and the next morning a highly sensational report of the whole affair, in which Dee is referred to as Walter's "childhood sweetheart," appears in the newspapers. The result is that Dee does not get her job on the church program.

She is offered a spot, however, in Maxie Meyer's night club, the Front Page, and, in desperation, she accepts it, not realizing that Maxie has hired her only because of the publicity she and Walter have received. When Chub Davis, Walter's closest friend, comes and berates her for what she is doing, she is furious, and rushes out on the night-club floor to tell the customers that she has appeared "under false pretenses" and that she will not appear again. Then, before Maxie or Chub can get to her, she runs away and wanders in the rain until she collapses and is sent by a policeman to a hospital. There, in the throes of pneumonia, she hovers between life and death. Chub's card is found in her purse and he is notified, and he and Walter see that she has the best of care.

When she is on the mend, Dee refuses to see Walter, because she is in love with him and she knows that his wife, who cares nothing for her husband but a great deal for his money, will never give him a divorce. Dee tells Chub that she intends to repay all that Walter has spent on her, and insists on being moved out of her private room and into a ward.

Finally, however, Chub persuades her to allow Walter to visit her. While they are together, Dee's Aunt Flossie arrives from Cape Cod.

"*So!*" she says, wheeling accusing eyes on Dee and Walter. "There *is* some truth in all these stories!"

finally allowed him to visit, and she treated every word that he said as a pearl of wisdom. "Nothing," she agreed now, "is worse for a pneumonia case than wet wind."

"Well"—he pointed toward Dee's room—"no wind can be wetter or colder than one from Cape Cod!"

The nurse laughed aloud, nodded understandingly. "It's time for Miss Mason's orange juice."

"Then make it the fastest orange you ever squeezed!" Walter walked off, lighting a cigarette, lighting the cork-tipped end for the first time in his life. He began pacing the hall.

A little nervous man, also pacing, asked him if he, too, was an expectant father. Walter said he wished to heaven he were! And he realized, in a flash, that he wished Dee were the mother! But that, he told himself, was stupid. That presupposed that he was falling in love. He *couldn't* be in love with her or with any one! He had stopped believing in love years ago. Dee was a child—no, she wasn't; but she was—oh, he didn't know! She appealed to his sympathy the way the twins did. That was it—had to be it!

Meanwhile, inside Dee's room, the cold wind of Cape Cod had already begun to blow. Aunt Flossie said she the papers! And her picture! Right there for all kinds of people to leer at!"

Dee wondered weakly where the picture had been taken. On the Emeralda perhaps? In the flashlight that had frightened that poor anarchist? She didn't know. It didn't matter. Nothing did. Dee felt all the rest and energy that she had been collecting slowly ooze out of her. She was flattened as flat as a piece of wet paper. Her hopes, her freedom, her determination to make good in New York -- all squashed. . . . Yes, she'd go back with Aunt Flossie. Only thing to do. . . . She told her relative so, then turned her face to the wall.

The nurse came in, firmly ushered Mrs. Bearse to the door. "No more visiting now," she stated. "This little girl needs a lot of rest."

"See that she gets it!" Mrs. Bearse said. "I notice she had a visitor when I came!" Then she called to Dee, from the hall, that she was staying with a friend, a sister member of the Eastern Star, and that she'd be back the next morning to see if Dee was well enough to go home.

Walter waylaid Dee's Aunt Flossie in the hall and tried courteously to all that he had done. She was sorry.

"Please, Dee. Please!" Walter felt helpless, frustrated, wished he might take her in his arms, protect her from ill health, financial difficulties—and from the Aunt Flossies of the world.

But to all his pleas that she drop the matter of debt she turned a deaf ear. Debt was debt where she came from, and one didn't accept financial aid, not even from one of the wealthiest men in the country.

Walter accepted defeat with the best grace he could muster, and left her. But he was worried. Going down the hall, he met some one else who was worried—the throat specialist. This latter confided to Walter that Miss Mason's aunt had interviewed him, had announced her intention of taking the convalescent home to Eastmouth, and had pish-tushed his advice that that move would be bad for the girl.

"And, Mr. Bassett," the doctor added, "I assure you that Miss Mason is in no condition yet to face a Cape Cod winter. She is still weak and subject to colds. She should go South for a month or so."

Walter nodded. "We'll do something," he said. He thought of the

Emeralda, of his father's place at Palm Beach. Then he thought of Dee's stubborn pride. He couldn't do it that way—but—

He hurried to the telephone, asked Chub to meet him on the Emeralda, have dinner there. Meet him there as soon as possible!

THE next morning, even before Aunt Flossie got to the hospital—in fact, even while Dee was having her bath—Chub presented himself at her door. In due time he was admitted, to find Dee sitting up in a chair, brushed and curled but forlorn-looking.

He had a morning paper—open to the want-ad section. He told her that he had been looking through it, thinking he might find some kind of typing job for her to do while waiting to get her voice back, and he had found this!

Dee read the little notice. Her cheeks flushed; hope brought a sparkle again to her eyes. "It sounds too good to be true!" she cried. She read it out loud now, excitedly: "'Elderly lady wishes young secretary traveling companion to accompany her to Florida for a month or two. Must be attractive, well educated, have pleasant voice, and be able to typewrite. Write Box 837.'"

"Oh," Dee cried, "if only I could get that!"

"I think—I mean, I hope you can," Chub murmured. And he got paper and typewriter for her to write at once to Box 837.

Aunt Flossie found Dee typing when she bustled in. And this time Aunt Flossie did not sniff. For the doctor had encountered her in the hall and had said that if any possible chance for Dee to go South came up, it would be a godsend. She needed it. So now Aunt Flossie read this advertisement and was grudgingly ready to believe that godsends did occur—provided there was no hitch.

Evidently there was to be no hitch. For two days later, when Dee was walking about in a wobbly way, she received an answer. The letter, in spidery Spencerian hand, read:

You sound as though you may possibly be the young person whom I seek. I sincerely hope, however, that the fact that you are now in a hospital does not mean that you are an invalid! Not that my requirements are too demanding; I lead a placid life and encourage the development of placidity in those about me. Personality is the supreme requisite in this position, and cheerfulness. If you are interested in learning further about my demands, come to my suite at the Barclay tomorrow afternoon at three thirty.

Yours truly,
AUGUSTA CAWTHORNE.

Dee was ecstatic. She could scarcely believe her luck. "I can hardly wait for tomorrow afternoon at three thirty!" she told Chub and Walter, who had come to celebrate her day of departure from the hospital.

Chub had her bag and a note from

Archibald's in need of aid—he's Puffing smoke that's hot as Hades!

Now he's quite a cheerful bloke—Kools his throat with soothing smoke!

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B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

his mother, inviting Dee to have dinner and spend a few nights in her apartment on Columbia Heights, not far from the hospital. They would have a celebration party.

"People are so good to me!" Dee cried.

Later, Dee repeated these words to Aunt Flossie and showed that incredulous lady both the letter from Chub's mother and the letter from Miss Cawthorne.

Aunt Flossie was reluctantly impressed. She believed in God; yet she couldn't help feeling skitterish about the blessings now showering on Dee. They smacked of good-fairy gifts in a Sunday-school play.

However, she couldn't put her finger on a definite flaw, so she submitted. "Go ahead," she said. "See this lady. Maybe something good'll come of it." She shrugged. "And visit this Mrs. Davis. . . . I can't help admitting it all looks pretty funny to me! But you always were set in your ways. And I suppose it's up to you."

SO Dee went to the Columbia Heights apartment house, on the top floor of which Chub Davis and his merry plump mother had established their domestic paradise.

It was an easy-living haven, that suite of high-ceilinged old rooms, fat furniture—to fit Chub's and his mother's curves—and family and celebrity photographs plastered helter-skelter over all available wall space. The living room was big, chintzy, happily cluttered. It extended from tall front windows, giving on crowded Brooklyn, to taller back windows—with spacious cushioned window seats—looking across the river and the thrilling many-towered skyline of Gotham.

Dee felt welcomed and stimulated by the atmosphere of this home from the minute she set foot in it. Chub's mother greeted her the way country neighbors greet daughters of neighbors. She led her right into a pocket-sized bedroom with a mammoth bed and little else.

"Our guest room," Mrs. Davis announced. Then she chuckled. "We let Chub use it when we aren't lucky enough to have guests!"

Dee knew it was Chub's room. It was masculine and jolly, and—Dee wasn't a bit surprised—there was a moth-eaten Teddy bear hanging by a ribbon about his limp neck to the knob of the closet door.

"That's Danny Deever," Mrs. Davis explained. "Don't mind him. He's used to it. He's swung for years."

Dee laughed, feeling very young again.

She hummed as she combed her hair and put on a little necessary rouge. She was relishing the soothing savor of the commonplace. She was enjoying the same sensation of safety that a skater experiences when he is ignorant of the fact that he is gliding over dangerously thin ice. How thin that ice was Dee realized sharply when she went into the living room to confront—Walter and the twins!

"It's a party!" Walter hailed her, capturing both her hands, his sea-blue eyes sparkling with sudden added brilliance because of the new promise of health and happiness in Dee.

"How do you do, Dee!" the twins chanted. And small Tanya remembered the rest of the English greeting: "We are glad you are well now!"

Dee laughed; Walter laughed; Chub laughed; the twins chose to be convulsed. But for Dee the thin coating of safety ice had cracked; the trunk cover had been lifted; the Pandora butterflies were again fluttering crushed wings.

"Chub suggested I invite them," Mrs. Davis confided to Dee in the gleaming privacy of the little kitchen, which also looked out over the river and the New York skyline. "He says Mr. Bassett is terribly lonesome. He hasn't any home life. It just goes to show that people with money haven't everything! Money talks, Chub says, and half the time it talks nonsense—as far as true happiness goes!"

Dee agreed; but she wished that Walter were not here; wished she might have continued gliding along over surface forgetfulness. Dee, young as she was, knew, even then, that forgetfulness, like everything else, can become a habit. She knew that, given a long enough period of cold weather, even the river of memory can freeze.

Dee entertained these thoughts all in the swift minute that it took her to pop cherries into cocktail glasses while Mrs. Davis mixed Manhattans. And even while Dee suffered these selfish protests, she felt ashamed. For Mrs. Davis was right—Walter had no home life; he was enjoying these simple surroundings, and the twins were having a wonderful time. Beyond that, Dee dared not go. Dared not give any credence to the light in Walter's eyes, the pressure of his hand on hers, the deep, appealing—and now stirred as well as stirring—notes in his voice. No! None of these things could mean anything!

DEE therefore devoted herself to acting her youngest, her most frivolous. It took effort, because her illness had left her tired. The twins, however, in this emergency, were a blessing. "Sing, lady," they begged.

So she sang—one brief little song. And, to make up for her own lack of musical ability at present, she played victrola records and danced. She put on a good show; at least she deserved A for effort.

Finally, after cookies and milk, Walter reluctantly herded his young fry off. But before he went he said to Dee, "May I pick you up tomorrow at the Barclay after your business interview with—Miss Cawthorne—wasn't that her name?"

Dee hesitated. She said, "Mrs. Davis has invited me to stay here until I leave for Florida, if I leave. And Chub mentioned—"

"Chub," Walter called to his friend, who was snapping Tanya's gloves, "You'll let me pick Dee up tomorrow at the Barclay and bring her here, won't you?" So it was settled.

Dee felt relieved after Walter went. She couldn't bear *not* to keep her eyes on him when he was with her; and yet she was terrified that her eyes would betray her thoughts. Also, on this particular occasion, the strain had been doubly great; for Dee was conscious of Chub hovering devotedly, and of Chub's mother watching Dee and Chub—and Walter Bassett!

After Walter's departure, Chub and his mother insisted that Dee go to bed; and Chub's mother tucked her in. Dee knew that she should have been grateful, should have relaxed and surrendered. She tried; but she failed. Like a base ingrate, she felt smothered by solicitous care, smothered so that she wanted to throw off the thick soft puff that had been spread over her. Wanted to run away. Where? Why? Because she knew that Chub loved her? That Chub's mother approved? . . . Or was it because somewhere out into the night Walter and his sleepy twins had gone? . . . Was Dee afraid that it would be too easy for her to sink down under the safe pufflike affection that Chub was quietly offering?

Next morning the same smothered sensation persisted. Dee couldn't help feeling like a conscientious child who couldn't force herself to thrill over a prize won at a church picnic. It was as if she were a guest under false pretenses in this homey apartment. Chub, for all his increasing devotion, had never made her feel uncomfortable; but Chub's mother—with her too-seeing eyes—did. Mrs. Davis—so Dee sensed—was watching her, was trying to find out whether Dee was going to hurt her boy or make him happy.

Dee was relieved when Chub came noisily home to lunch. Relieved to say good-by for now to Mrs. Davis, to be kissed by her, and to get into Chub's car.

Dee was glad to be able to direct her thoughts away from that strangely possessive home atmosphere and focus them on the adventure of facing the challenge of a possible employer.

"This is crazy—my optimism, Chub!" Dee said. "How can I even hope that out of all the stacks of people who'll rush to answer that advertisement, I'll be picked? I still say it's too good to be true!"

"Personality is what the old girl said she wanted, isn't it?" Chub murmured encouragingly. "And have you ever met any one with a nicer personality than yours?"

"I'll give you a shiny half dollar for that—when I've earned one!"

MISS AUGUSTA CAWTHORNE had insisted on personality. And personality was something, certainly, that Miss Augusta herself had. Dee would never again meet a more amazing, delightful, hoity-toity, James Barrie-esque little old person

than the one before whom she bowed there in that pleasant chaste suite of the aloof Barclay. The old lady was English, froufrou, elegant; and somehow schoolteachery—which didn't exactly go with the luxury of those flower-filled rooms. Miss Augusta had curled yellow-white bangs; beady blue eyes set in a sea of a million wrinkles; an antique tea gown of stiff black taffeta; and even a reticule—from which, as a true Englishwoman, she pulled several bottles of medicinal tablets when she insisted that she and Dee have an early cup of tea.

This Miss Augusta Cawthorne must have been at least eighty. But Dee, from Cape Cod, was used to old people—and to crochety old people. She was "put through a course of sprouts." But she felt at home. This old lady was a combination of Dee's elegant grandmother, widow of the last *great* Cap'n Mason, and of her Grandaunt Rosella—who had written pamphlets for the missionaries in a day when ladies who wrote, even Louisa May Alcott, were considered eccentric.

So Dee passed the tests. And finally the old lady, with a twinkle in her eyes, said, "This position is yours. And I believe that we both will derive considerable enjoyment from it. The salary is only thirty dollars a week; but all expenses will, naturally, be mine."

"Thirty!" Dee gasped.

THE old lady shrugged, curled a thin mauve lip. "Never refuse money, child! Only fools do! And only greater fools set too much store by it! . . . Now—two things more. First: If you're fit—after your hospital experience—we will fly to Miami tomorrow. Second: If you need—and I am sure you will, because who would come to New York at this time of year with summer clothes?—"if you need some sports things, don't worry. We will do shopping in Miami. I will consider what we buy for you in the light of a uniform of office, and so the expenditure will again be mine."

Dee almost staggered out of the suite, ready to meet Walter and to tell him her good news. In a daze she entered the elevator, felt it drop. Why, with thirty dollars a week clear, she could pay him off in no time, and send money home too! It was wonderful! Still feeling like Alice in Wonderland, she stepped into the dim conservatism of the main lobby.

She looked for Walter in vain in that sedate hall. And then she saw Chub coming in the door. Chub's face was serious; there was no sparkle in his eyes. "I have some rather grim news," he said.

A trip south, a job, and a chance to pay Walter what she owes him—and now a cloud comes to darken Dee's joy. What is it that has so upset Chub? Have the newspapers raked up their scandalous gossip about Walter and Dee? Or is Eloise making trouble? Find out in next week's dramatic installment!

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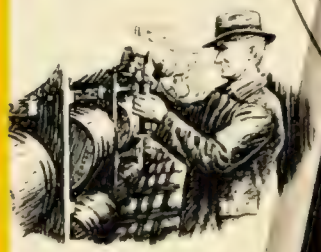

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READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Glory's End

Hollywood miracle! . . Here's the human, heart-warming love story of a wise young man who fell from stardom—and liked it

THE glory was almost over for Chris Oliver, and he was glad of it. When he drove down the main street and saw his name across the front of the little theater in letters three feet high, he knew he'd had enough. The glory hangover had lasted too long. It had been two full years since he had worked in pictures.

He pulled up at the local hotel and stepped out of the car, looking exactly the way they wanted him to look—his wavy dark hair bared to the winds, his smile flashing, a patch of maroon scarf showing at his throat, his tan polo coat up around his ears. He could still be very much Hollywood. He felt a little ridiculous, as always; but he didn't feel dishonest, because he did his best to give them their money's worth at the theaters. He worked for what he made, and when he had enough he was going to quit. And he would have enough, if business held up in this town, at the end of the week.

About a dozen girls rushed him, waving their autograph books. The usual high-school crowd, big-eyed and giggling. He wrote "Faithfully, Chris Oliver" over and over, and the theater owner ran around acting important, having the time of his life being a big showman with a star on his hands for a personal appearance. Chris trailed him into the lobby, signed the register, smiled some more, and shook hands with every one in sight.

In his room he got rid of them all, made himself comfortable, and stretched out on the bed. The reporter from the local paper would be next. He'd come in and look around for his drink, and start in with the same old questions, and Chris would answer them, as solemn as an owl, as though he really gave a damn. He suddenly realized how fed up he was.

It had been more than a year since he first started chasing his screen shadow around the small-town circuit. For a year before that he'd stuck it out in Hollywood, hoping for another miracle. Then, when his money was almost gone, he'd started east by bus. But on the way he passed through a town where a pint-sized theater was showing one of his old films, and he had this idea.

He dropped off at St. Louis, and the manager of the film exchange there looked surprised when he heard the name. He knew Chris had been one of the quick in-and-outers. He'd had a lucky break in a secondary role in a really important picture, and on the strength of it they'd given him the lead in three B films. The manager had seen these and tried to sell them, and he knew the studio had guessed wrong. So he smiled when Chris

talked about personal appearances. "We didn't do very well with your pictures," he said. "We haven't any more play dates here in town."

"What about out of town?" Chris asked.

"Oh, sure. It takes time for a film to percolate through to the small spots. Yours will be knocking around in the territory for months."

"I'll knock around with them," Chris said. "I haven't much else to do."

The manager shook his head. "You wouldn't get the kind of money you'd be interested in."

"You'd be surprised," Chris said.

The manager laughed good-naturedly. "It's as bad as that, is it?"

"It will be if I don't do something about it pretty quick."

"I can give you the bookings, such as they are," the film man said. "You could work this territory and then go on to the next. But you'll need a little flashy scenery. The old Hollywood stuff, you know, for the natives."

"I can look like an actor if I have to," Chris told him. "I have some clothes left and I might finance a car."

So Chris got his car and started out. He felt no bitterness, no sense of failure. His Hollywood experience had been an accident in the first place. An incredible fantastic accident, now that he looked back at it. But it had happened, and he saw no reason why he shouldn't pick what he could from the debris and plan for a fresh start. The incongruity of his situation even amused him. In the cities he was just another young man in a car—a salesman or a solicitor of some sort. But once he hit a small town that was playing one of those old films, the flags came out and sometimes the mayor made a speech. There were two lean years between him and his last picture, but most of them didn't realize that and those who did didn't care. His name was on the posters. He was Hollywood, and that was magic. So he just rode along. Chris Oliver and his shadow. As long as his shadow was on the screen Chris could get by. He worked on percentage, and he began to put money aside. His plans began to take definite shape.

They went back a long way, these plans, to the time when he was a youngster on his father's farm in upper New York. It hadn't been much of a farm then, and now, since his father's death, it had fallen to pieces. But it could be a model up-to-date dairy farm as good as any in the state. He'd had that in mind when he went to college, and afterward, until he was sidetracked. Now he had it in mind again. There wasn't a building left whole or a fence in good repair; but give him a year and this money he was getting together, and he'd have it fit for a man to bring his wife to. His wife—if he had one. That was where he fell short in his planning.

He met plenty of girls. Whenever

BY MATT TAYLOR

he came into a town there was a small social flurry. They all wanted to give parties for him. But the way it went with the girls he met was always the same. The girl would bring the talk around to Hollywood. Then Chris knew what was coming. If she ever got out there, could she look him up? Could he get her into the studios and maybe introduce her to some directors? Of course she didn't expect to break into pictures. She wasn't *that* foolish. But she just thought—

Oh, they all just thought. Could he give her a letter to somebody? Would he look at some photographs she'd had made? Because every one said it was amazing, what the camera brought out. Directly or indirectly, they all wanted something of him that he could not give. He could only offer the future, and they only wanted the past.

But he kept on looking. There had been one girl early in the summer. They were on the beach. It was mid-June and the air was soft, and she was smiling up at him. He slid his arm around her, and then stopped.

"You ought to know this," he said. "I'm through with pictures."

She stopped smiling. "Through?"

"Finished. Washed up. It may sound like the old sour grapes, but I wouldn't go back if they'd have me."

"You mean you're going on the stage?"

He laughed. "If I was a dime a dozen in pictures, I'd be a dime a gross on Broadway. Darling, I'm not an actor."

"You're Chris Oliver, aren't you?"

He took his arm away before he answered.

"You've got the name right, but that's all. I was fresh out of college four years ago, and I had a little money and an old car, so I decided to take a look at California. They made a big mistake and put me on the screen. Now it's finished. This picture in town was filmed almost two years ago."

"But how awful!" She was looking at him as though he'd told her of his criminal past. "I had hoped—I mean I just thought— Oh, Chris! You'll have to try again. You've got to!"

He looked at her a moment, then he looked away. "Sure," he said. "I've got to try again."

HE was dozing off when the phone rang. It was the desk downstairs, and they had a reporter they wanted to send up. Chris got to his feet wearily. The ice and soda had come along with the luggage, so he dug a bottle out of his bag and waited.

But this one was a girl. She was slim and long-legged and younger than any girl reporter he had ever seen. She was too young. She looked at Chris in his old bathrobe, and at the bottle on the table, and held back.

He nodded at her and grinned. "The press is usually male," he said. "Otherwise I might have dressed."

She gave him a quick friendly smile and came in. He drew up a chair and looked her over. She wasn't cut to the conventional pretty-girl pattern, but there was life and warmth in her face. Her hair curled close to her head, and her eyes were dark and wide apart. Her lips were full above her small chin, and her nose short and a little up at the end.

She smiled again while he held the chair. "I'm sorry if I disturbed you. Can we start the interview now?"

"A drink first," he told her. "That's tradition."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind." She settled down and pulled a notebook from her bag, and it was like Lesson One in the textbook. "What do you think of our town, Mr. Oliver?" she asked him.

He put back his head and laughed. "You like to get right at it, don't you?" he said. Then he saw her color faintly. "Sorry," he added. "But you *are* new at it, aren't you?"

"Three months old. The editor didn't think I should come, but I wanted to."

"Why?"

"Curiosity, I suppose. I wanted to see what you were really like."

YOU'D be surprised what I'm really like," he said. The longer he looked at her the more he wanted to cut loose from the old pose and be himself. She did that to him, somehow. "I'll make a deal," he said, his voice rising rather excitedly. "I'll hand you a ready-made interview—I've got dozens of clippings in my bag. Then we'll talk about you instead."

"I think I'd rather write my own."

"It comes to the same thing. I tell you about Hollywood, which is just a big overgrown town. Spencer Tracy's my favorite actor and my life's ambition is to play in a picture with him. And I think your town is charming, and I wish every star in Hollywood could come here, because towns like this are closest to the great warm heart of America." He began to get worked up just thinking of it. "And then you write that I'm a simple, unassuming young man, and very democratic, which is supposed to be remarkable, though Heaven knows why I should be anything else. You say there's no pose and pretense about me, and that I hope to contribute something important to the screen. It's been written dozens of times. All you have to do is copy it."

Her lips had parted and she had her head to one side, looking at him. "You're pretty well fed up with it, aren't you?" she said.

He grinned, embarrassed. "You get that way," he said.

"I'll try to make it brief," she assured him. "What will your next picture be like?"

"My next picture? Oh, it isn't quite ready yet."

"What's it about?"

"It looks good. I've got the background I've always wanted—one I fit right into. But I'm not sure about the girl."

"You mean you don't know what she's like?"

"I have a general idea."

"What's she supposed to be?"

"My wife," he said. "Let's talk about something else."

She kept asking him questions about where he was born and how he spent his early youth, and he gave her the canned answers they had thought up for him at the studio four years ago. Finally she put away her notebook and he said, "Now we start on you. How'd you get in this town?"

"By being born. And I'm Mary Drake, and I live with my grandfather because my parents are dead. I had one year in college and now I have a job on the paper chiefly because the editor's an old friend of my grandfather. Is that enough?"

"Not quite," he said. "How will you and I spend this evening?"

She smiled. "We have a screen star in town at the local theater. I couldn't miss that."

"And afterward?"

"I go back to the office and write about it."

He got up from his chair and walked over to her. "I'm hot news in town," he said. "I ought to have a reporter covering my every move." She looked at him quickly, and he met her eyes and hoped she'd get him right. "Tomorrow I have lunch with your Chamber of Commerce. Afterward, could you show me the sights?"

"I could," she said quietly. "But that's not the question."

"Would you, then? You name where we go and how long we stay. You be the boss all the way through."

She kept looking at him, making up her mind. And finally she said thoughtfully, "We have a lot of attractive girls here in town. You'll meet them all at the Legion's party Wednesday night."

"We were talking about us," Chris said. "About tomorrow afternoon."

She stood up. "Right after lunch," she said, "if you want it that way."

HIS plans about the girl he wanted were almost as definite as his plans for the work he wanted to do. He was through with drifting. He'd drifted into acting in Hollywood. He'd eased along with the current and never fought back, and he'd been swept up on the rocks. Now he was going to buck it. It wouldn't be so easy, but he'd know where he was going.

Because he had been looking for so long, he was afraid of false hopes. That was why he took it slow with Mary. He would have said, the minute she walked into his room that first day, that she was the girl. But he wouldn't let himself go. The Hollywood sun was still shining, even though its light was pretty feeble. Girls were still looking at him and not seeing him at all but only his famous shadow. They couldn't dissociate him from the idea of Hollywood.

So he had to take it slow. He knew what it would do to him if he guessed wrong about Mary. That other girl in June had given him a jolt, and she had never really mattered. Mary did. Mary always would.

The first afternoon they rode to-

gether she realized there was something. He kept shifting the talk away from himself until finally she said, laughing but serious enough underneath, "I'm really not trying to pry. If there's something so terribly sinister in your past—"

"Not my past. My future. And not so sinister, either. I may even be a little proud of it. But do you mind if we skip it for a while?"

She let it go. They talked about everything else, and he found out a lot about her. Not facts, particularly. They were simple enough. She was a small-town girl with a normal small-town life behind her. Her grandfather's health had failed and she'd had to leave college. This job was a filler-in; she did not want a newspaper career. That was all there was in the way of facts. But he thought he found a deep-down sincerity in everything she said and did. She could smile at him and make him feel indescribably warm and tender. It began to frighten him to think how much he needed her.

He saw her several times for lunch and whenever she was free in the afternoons. She came to the theater every evening while he went through his fifteen-minute act of Hollywood reminiscences and imitations. He went to her home at the edge of town for dinner, and met her grandfather. The old man's watery eyes were sharp as he looked Chris over, and soft as he talked about Mary. Mary, at twelve, at the head of her class in school. Mary going to her first dance. Mary playing the leading role in the high-school play.

There were the usual parties during the week, and Chris went if Mary went. They'd stay as long as they had to, and then ride off to an all-night restaurant in the next town. And all the time he held back, waiting to be sure about Mary. He kissed her just once. He hadn't meant to; he was saving that until he told her everything. But they were saying good night and he had hold of her hand, and it happened.

She drew back and looked at him, and there was fear crowding into her eyes. "You shouldn't, Chris," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because— I don't know why not. You've never told me. But *you* know why. There's some reason you keep covered up."

He laughed. "There's a reason, all right. I'll tell it to you sometime."

WHY didn't he tell her then? Perhaps there was a lingering fear that Mary was like the others, wanting only what he represented. Or perhaps he was saving it up, the way you do sometimes when there's a big moment ahead that you can make come true whenever you want.

So he saved it for the last night. He finished his act at the theater and went out to his car, parked on the side street. The first snow of the year had started and there was a thin flaky covering on the street. She was waiting in the car, the robe bundled around her knees, her cheeks flaming with the cold, her hair curling out from under her red knitted hat. He knocked at the closed window and laughed and hurried around and climbed in beside her.

"An old-fashioned Thanksgiving," he said. "Here's hoping we don't get lost in the drifts. Or maybe that we do."

"I don't want to ride tonight, Chris," she said.

"Just twenty miles. We'll get hungry as bears and gorge."

"I can't tonight. Please take me home."

"You can't get away with this," he said lightly. "You stood me up this afternoon."

"I phoned the hotel," she told him. "My grandfather isn't feeling well."

THEY rode to her house without talking much. It wasn't late, and he went inside and, while she ran upstairs, looked around the room. It was a cluttered-up room, a hodgepodge of leftovers from four generations. There was a radio on the table beside the old horsehair sofa, a faded sampler on the wall, and a lamp with modern lines. It reminded Chris of his old living room back home, which had been a backdrop for scenes he didn't want to forget. It seemed important that Mary should come from the same kind of home.

She came downstairs and sat quietly on the sofa, and he sat beside her. He'd been waiting for this moment, and now that it was here he hardly knew how to begin. He pulled his cigarette down to a stub with short quick puffs, and finally he laughed a little and said, "Tomorrow I'm on my way."

She kept looking at the pile of logs on the andirons. "I want to ask you something, Chris," she said.

"Go ahead," he said lightly. "We'll take turns."

"It's quite a lot to ask," she said. "I know how many girls there are trying to get in. But I just thought—"

She looked at him, asking for help. He frowned steadily at the faded rug. "Go on," he told her.

"I thought I might be able to work as an extra in pictures. I acted in the high-school plays and—and every one said—"

"How long have you had this in mind?"

"Oh, a long time, Chris. But it all seemed so hopeless at first. Then I thought—"

"You thought I could help you," he broke in. He walked over to the mantel and turned his back, because he wasn't sure of the way he looked.

"Will you, Chris?" she said. "It's terribly important."

Her voice seemed a thousand miles away, but every word came pounding in on him. He'd been so sure! Mary was different. Mary didn't want anything from him. He'd let down his guard and now he was wide open.

He turned around at last and

CLOWN SAYS, "Fingernail Test no joke!"

IT'S S'POSED TO BE FUNNY when a girl jilts clown for a lion tamer. But my pal the Stron Man don't laugh. "It ain't love," he claims "it's that loose dandruff!" I tried the Finger nail Test. My scalp was gummy as circus mud

HE HANDS ME A BOTTLE of Wildroot-with-Oil "The old Wildroot formula," he says, "that' been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plu pure *vegetable* oil that grooms hair *without* greasing the scalp. Try it. It feels swell!"

WHAT DO YOU KNOW! This Wildroot-with-Oi is the goods! Its safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps my hair neatly dressed, and so clean Estelle can run he fingers through it *an*-y time she wants to

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1. GROOMS THE HAIR
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT WITH OIL for this hair
3-ACTION

IMPORTANT — *Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Fort Erie, Ont., Canada*

walked back to her, and tried to keep his voice natural. "This'll disappoint you, Mary," he said. "I can't help you. I'm not going back to Hollywood. If I did I couldn't earn a dime. I don't mean a thing except in towns like this that are still playing the old pictures."

"But, Chris! I thought—"

"I know what you thought!" The hardness began to come through now. "But you were wasting your time. I'm no use to you."

He saw the hurt in her eyes, and he didn't care. He went on: "It's a joke on both of us. I make personal appearances and save every penny to get back in the kind of life you want to get out of. And I thought we were right for each other! Oh, it's a hell of a good joke, really!"

Anger colored her cheeks. She said, "Listen to me, Chris—"

He cut her off again. "Why should I listen? I know it by heart. No matter how you soften it, it comes to the same thing. You want the glitter, and that's all you want, and what good am I if I can't give it to you?"

She was standing before him. Pride held her rigid. He went out to the hall and grabbed his coat and pulled his hat low over his eyes. He didn't look back. In the street he swung the car around, and the wheels spun and churned the snow until they found a grip on solid pavement.

He swung into Main Street. He wanted to get back and pack. He was going to leave this town behind him, if the snow was two feet deep on the roads. Ahead of him the lights over the hotel shone feebly and he stepped up his speed. He was going pretty fast when he saw the big black shape coming at him. He was able to lock his brakes and skid sidewise before the crash came.

IN the hospital, he tossed around on his bed, first wanting desperately to see her, and then not wanting to. He planned one minute how to get word to her, and called himself a fool the next. Once he got so far as asking Dr. Grayson, who had him in charge:

"You know the Drakes here in town? Mary Drake?"

"Very well. Why?"

"I've met her. She's a great girl."

"All of that," the doctor said.

That was as far as it went. He couldn't expect her to come, he told himself, after the way he'd talked that night. But he did expect her. She could have done that much. He filled up with hope every time the doctor or the nurse opened the door. Then, after two weeks, when he was almost well again, he gave up hoping.

It was a gray morning in December when they said he could go. He stood at the curb, leaning on a cane, while they piled his bags into the cab. He could see the theater down the street. The banner with his name on it was gone. People passed and didn't look at him twice. The glory was over, and that was the way he wanted it. But there was a gaping hole now in his picture of the future.

Dr. Grayson came out of the hospital and stopped to say good-by. He couldn't stay; he had a call to make. "Some one you know," he said. "Mary Drake."

Chris' heart gave a jump. "She's sick?"

"Not really. Just worn out. It was day and night with her." He saw Chris' question coming, and smiled. "I forget you're not a native. You don't keep up with the local news. It was the old man. Old Jim Drake, poor fellow."

"He's gone?"

"Two days ago. Taken sick the night you smashed up. It's hard on Mary. She was planning to take him away. I had told her months ago that she should. The winters here, in his condition—"

Chris put his hand on the doctor's arm. "Take him away? Where?"

"To a warmer climate, of course. He might have hung on a while longer. I advised Florida."

Chris wet his lips. "Or California," he said.

The doctor nodded. "California would have done," he said. "How she hoped to do it I don't know. Jim's money was all gone. Mary would have had to support him somehow."

The taxi driver had his head out the car window. "You want that train?" he called.

But Chris didn't even answer. He had Dr. Grayson by the arm, hurrying him to his car.

HE was hobbling up the path to her house before Dr. Grayson was out from behind the wheel. He punched the bell with his finger. A woman in black pulled back the door and he pushed his way inside.

Mary was sitting on the sofa, and her face was white and her eyes large and empty. "Chris!" she cried. "You're all right? I was coming this afternoon. I couldn't before. I had to stay with him. He needed me, right to the end."

He thought of her that night, and the hurt look in her eyes, and the things he had said. He said weakly, "Mary, I didn't know. I never thought—"

She stood up, and their eyes met. "I had to take him away, Chris," she said. "I thought I could make a living in pictures, if you'd help me. It was the only way I could think of. I haven't any special training for anything. It would have been just until he got well, or until he—he— Oh, Chris!"

He held her in his arms and let her cry a little. Then he put his hand under her chin and lifted it up and kissed her gently. He thought, It will be this way from now on. Mary and I, in a room like this. Mary and I, playing our scenes together—whatever scenes come along—in a setting where we belong.

He couldn't ask for much more. It looked like a good picture ahead.

THE END

Parkay, the delicious new 3-purpose margarine made by Kraft, is a delicious spread for muffins, bread, hot biscuits and toast. It's also an excellent flavor shortening for baking—and wonderful for pan frying—it adds flavor to fried foods—doesn't spatter or stick to the pan. Buy Parkay Today!

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

NOW that our trade with South America is more important than ever, I jumped at the chance to pick up some straight tips for any of you who may be interested in exporting United States styles to the ladies of South America. Opportunity came the other day when I met Señora Herminia Davila, whose husband, Señor Carlos Davila, has served as Chile's ambassador at Washington. From wardrobing herself and her two attractive daughters whose lovely names are Luz and Paz—Light and Peace—Señora Davila knows practical dressmaking as well as fashion. Here's what she told me:

South American women wear print dresses only in December and January; prefer small-figured patterns on a dark ground; taboo short sleeves. . . . The so-called *Señorita* type of dress, full-skirted and Spanish-dancerish, is absolutely *out* among smart South Americans. They want evening gowns of good fabric and conservative design, to last *two* seasons. . . . Skiing's a popular Chilean sport, and Sunday picnics in the country are a year-round custom, but the girls never wear shorts. Pastel-colored silk or thin wool dresses for them. . . . They want woolen bathing suits, not too naked, because the beaches are apt to be breezy. . . . Instead of taking home slices of cake for souvenirs, guests at Chilean weddings snip off pieces of the bride's white veil; consequently her bridal tulle has to be long and ample. . . . Contrary to our notion, chinchillas are fairly rare in Chile. The only chinchilla cape Señora Davila recalls having seen at the opera at Santiago de Chile was worn by a visitor from Chicago.

Now just listen to this: Chile's mountain climate, says Señora Davila, seems to keep women slim. They eat five-course lunches and seven-course dinners, both with dessert, yet they seldom need to reduce!

☆ Three refreshing new toilet waters for summer: *Lymint Cologne*, a mint-and-lime novelty; Matchabelli's *Pot Pourri Spicy Pickup;* Vigny's *Heure Intime Eau de Cologne.*

☆ All of a sudden the war appeared at a cocktail party I attended last week. There was no mention of frightfulness or sorrow, yet War came to us with a jolt when an elegant young Englishman asked if we knew the best place in New York to buy salt codfish. "I'm sailing home in a few days," he explained, "and I should very much like to take back rather a lot of salt cod." We asked why. "Well," he said, "it's a bit difficult to get fresh fish over on our side now, except salmon from Scotland, and that brings a stiff price. The Germans bomb our fishing boats, you know, so they can't make many catches. And meat is rationed." We passed him the cocktail canapés and told him where to buy salt cod.

☆ Adet and Anor Lin, the two young daughters of Lin Yutang, have translated Girl Rebel, Hsieh Ping-ying's vivid diaries of a Chinese college girl who joined the army. (Published by The John Day Company.)

☆ Can't help it, I always feel slightly uncanny when rubbing elbows with people who bear the names of famous historical characters. Some years ago I went around for a while with a lady named Mrs. William Shakespeare, and in England I once knew an army officer named Captain Kidd. Never could quite get used to hearing them talk up-to-date small talk. In a senator's office at Washington I made the recent acquaintance of a North Carolina lawyer whose name I thought first I had heard incorrectly. "Yes, that's right," said he; "I'm Daniel Boone."

He is, too, and a descendant of the immortal pioneer. My confusion was such that I tipped over a senatorial ink bottle.

☆ A favorite delicacy in South America is this *Lobster Santiago.* Make it with the excellent canned lobster now available almost anywhere, or with fresh lobster if handy. . . . Break up 2 cups canned lobster or cooked fresh lobster) into small pieces; brown lightly in 3 tablespoons very hot oil. Add 2 tablespoons minced onion, ½ clove garlic, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, salt, dash of nutmeg, speck of cayenne. Continue frying gently for 6 minutes, then pour in ½ cup tomato juice and ½ cup white wine. Shake pan until lobster is well mixed with sauce; let stand a few minutes to get thoroughly hot; serve quickly with plain boiled rice and a simple green salad. White wine goes perfectly with this dish.

☆ In a recent talk on air conditioning, Professor C. P. Yaglou of Harvard declared he has found scientifically that women run lower temperatures than men. He said our feet average five degrees less, our heads three degrees less. Of course *we've* known all along that we're cooler-headed, and the professor isn't by any means the first man to tell us about our cold feet!

"A Mrs. Lewis Robert Cripps wants to know if you two are doing anything this evening."

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

NEWS Quiz

BY H. V. KALTENBORN

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Why did the Allies send armed forces to Curaçao in the West Indies?

2—How many countries had been invaded by foreign armies from September, 1939 to June 1, 1940?

3—The Frisian Islands belong to what country?

4—What country recognizes three official languages for its population?

5—Secretary of State Hull officially expressed the United States' interest in maintaining the status quo of what group of islands in the Pacific?

6—Name the British statesman who called Hitler a "wild beast."

7—What international covenant forbids bombing from the air?

8—Name three of the five members of Britain's inner war Cabinet.

9—What ruler's call to arms did President Roosevelt approve publicly?

10—Name two Mediterranean islands which belong to the British.

11—What is a magnetic mine?

12—Name the sovereign who has been ruling over Bessarabia.

13—What is Scapa Flow?

14—Whom has Hitler named as his successor in case of his death?

15—The belligerent Powers promised to refrain from bombing what city?

16—Why was the House of Savoy, Italy's ruling family, reluctant to join in war against the Allies?

17—What makes the city of Chungking important?

18—Who said in a recent speech, "I will speak with acts, not words"?

19—What is Poland's present political status?

20—With what arctic area has the United States this year established consular relations for the first time?

21—What is meant by the Fifth Column?

22—What country now occupies the Faeroe Islands?

23—What makes Baku an important city?

24—What outstandingly successful play, which opened in New York City last spring, is said to advocate America's entry into the European war?

25—What country controls Viborg?

26—What was the result of the recent election in Canada?

27—What is the Skaggerak?

28—Fascist Italy insists on her right to a large share of the control over what famous waterway?

29—What gulf is dominated by Russia as the result of the Russo-Finnish Peace Treaty?

30—What is Danubia?

31—Where is the present seat of the Dutch government?

32—With what countries did Turkey negotiate an alliance at the beginning of the war?

33—What small French city has played a part in the last three wars between France and Germany?

34—How long is the United States flag expected to wave over the Philippine Islands?

35—Where is the United States fleet?

36—What is the importance of heavy German artillery established at Ceuta and Algeciras?

37—What is meant by the cash-and-carry plan?

38—Despite the Monroe Doctrine, foreign troops recently landed on what islands in the Western world?

39—What Belgian overseas possessions are coveted by Nazi Germany?

40—What new means of communication is playing a dominant part in this war?

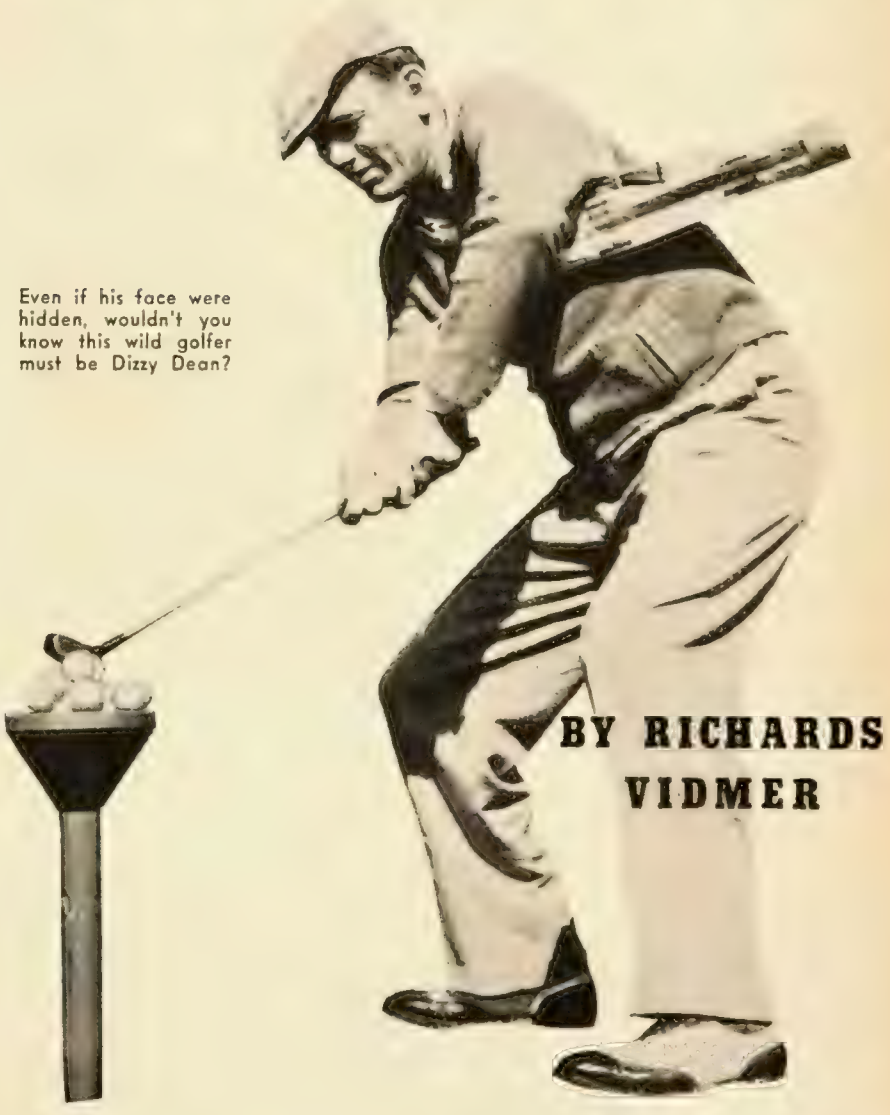
(Answers will be found on page 50)

Wild golfers I have known

An al-fresco survey of how some famous folk cavort on the fairways

BY RICHARDS VIDMER

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Even if his face were hidden, wouldn't you know this wild golfer must be Dizzy Dean?

SOME of the most famous golfers in the country have never competed in the National Open championship or the National Amateur. In fact, they have never competed in any tournament of major importance. They are famous, all right, but their fame is due to other things than golf.

If any one person has brought the game top billing in this country in the course of the last thirty years, it probably is Grantland Rice, the famous sports columnist. Before most reporters knew the difference between a pitch-and-run shot and a par, Grant was a fine amateur in his own right, and he brought the triumphs and tragedies of the tournaments to the attention of the public.

He still is quite a golfer, scoring close to the 80 mark, give or take a couple of strokes, but he is not so intense about his game as he was back in the beginning. Now he plays for the sheer fun of it and a two-dollar Nassau, quoting poetry as he strolls down the fairways. But there is so much knowledge behind his game that he seldom goes wrong for long. Once he was playing with three other celebrities and a large crowd had gathered to watch the match. He was off his game. He flubbed and dubbed through the first four or five holes and was becoming somewhat embarrassed as the onlookers took in this bad performance by the man who wrote so often of the proper swing, the best grip, pivot, and rhythm.

"Well, from here in I'm going to look like a golfer anyway," Grant suddenly swore, forgetting about his score or the match or par and thinking only of form. And from there in he was one over par.

Another famous golfer of whom you no doubt have heard—only not in connection with golf—is Billy De Beck, the creator of Barney Google. Not long ago Billy was sitting on a bench by the first tee at the Lakewood Country Club in St. Petersburg, Florida, watching the leading pros drive off in the St. Petersburg open. Near him sat a woman, intensely interested in the scene. A mutual friend came up and spoke to both of them, introducing Billy to the lady, who shook hands without showing any sign of ever having heard of him.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked the mutual acquaintance. "That's Barney Google."

"Oh, really?" the lady murmured in astonishment and awe. "I didn't catch your name," she smiled in apology. "And when do you tee off, Mr. Google?"

Frank Willard, the cartoonist whose Moon Mullins is a member of many households, is a frequent golfing companion of De Beck and is sure that he could beat his fellow craftsman if he could only find a putter that suited him. Frank seldom gets out of a pro's shop or a sporting-goods store without buying at least one new putter. Rube Goldberg is another famous cartoonist-golfer.

A lot of people who have heard the amazing John Kieran on the radio program, Information, Please, probably have wondered how he ever got that way, especially when he disclosed his vast knowledge of flora and fauna and our fine feathered friends. The answer is, strangely enough, through playing golf. There was a time when Kieran was a very fine golfer, scoring in the seventies with irritating consistency, but while he waited for his less gifted companions among the sports writers to find their balls, or while he thrashed through the woods looking for them, he became interested in the birds, the trees, the flowers, and the weeds he encountered.

Eventually he gave up golf entirely for this new interest, and although he will play golf these days under pressure, he carries only one club, an old midiron, is not in the least concerned over the fact that he can't break 90 any more—not, at least, with one club, and graciously pays his caddie the usual fee.

What does he pay a caddie for? Why, for carrying his field glasses. He wouldn't think of playing golf without them.

Babe Ruth also belongs among the famous golfers of our time. He isn't the tremendous hitter off the tees that you would suppose he must be. He probably could blast away with Jimmy Thomson, Lawson Little, and the other siege guns of the game if he went for distance alone. But, playing left-handed, he has a tendency to fade slightly on his shots, and so he holds his drive down to around the 250 mark for the sake of accuracy. His short game is deft and delicate.

He was a golf addict long before he retired from the diamond and frequently would sneak away in the mornings for a round, contrary to the rules of the club. There was one memorable occasion in St. Louis when he strolled down the block from the hotel at which the Yankees were stopping, hopped in a cab with a couple of companions and drove off.

When he arrived at the club he had to be fully equipped, first with left-handed clubs, next with a sweater, finally with shoes. All these were supplied by an awe-stricken locker boy who recognized him. The clubs of every left-handed club member were offered. A dozen sweaters were placed before him, and enough shoes to satisfy a centipede.

Babe made his choices and the game started in absolute privacy. But by the time it had reached the third green, a gallery had begun to gather. Meantime, however, there was chaos in the locker room. A very important member of the club had arrived unexpectedly.

"Boy!" he shouted. "Boy! Where are my shoes?"

"De Babe's got 'em," murmured the attendant.

"What are you talking about? Are you crazy? No baby could wear my shoes!"

"Yes, suh—no, suh," stuttered the boy. "Dat's right, suh. Babe Ruth's got 'em. He's wearin' 'em out dere!"

Word of this was relayed to the Babe, and he reached the eighteenth green prepared to make apologies. But instead of erupting at him, the member timidly approached the Babe with a fountain pen in his hand and asked him to autograph the shoes he had been wearing.

Another famous golfer is Dizzy Dean, whose early efforts were accompanied by shouts as his opponent was about to hit the ball.

"Go in the trap! Go in the trap!" he would yell at the top of your backswing. And if you had presence of mind enough to halt your stroke and tell him he couldn't do that, Diz blandly would reply, "Why not? They do it to me when I'm pitching!"

His pitching performances were colorless compared to his golfing adventures. Once, for instance, playing before the inevitable gallery that gathers whenever he tees off, he hit a shot into a creek that crossed the fairway. Only the top of the ball was visible in the water, and any other golfer would have calmly dropped out and taken the prescribed penalty of two strokes. But not Diz. He peeled off his shoes and socks, waded in, and prepared to play the ball as it lay.

It lay half under water, within a couple of feet of a steep bank, and some eighty yards from the green. Merely getting out of the creek would require a lot of luck. Getting anywhere near the green would constitute a miracle. But the Diz swung and splashed. The ball came sailing out, plunked on the green, and stopped eight inches from the pin!

THAT night a group of Dizzy's companions were sitting around telling of the greatest golf shots each had ever seen. Several tall tales were contributed while Dean sat silent. But finally he spoke up.

"You all know the greatest shot any of you ever saw," he said. "That one I made out of the water today."

"Oh, sure," agreed one of the group scornfully. "But the good Lord Himself couldn't make that shot again!"

"No, He couldn't," nodded Dizzy; then added graciously, "Why, I couldn't even make it again myself!"

Henry McLemore, one of the most famous golfers in the literary group, is strategically equipped with a horrible-looking swing and an amazing ability to reel off strings of pars. This is a great combination for business, and the humorist of the South usually mixes a lot of business with his pleasure on the golf course.

A few years ago a group gathered at the Medinah Club in Chicago to play a round with Tommy Armour, the pro, but was detained for a while by a drizzle of rain. During the wait a great many bets were made, all involving Henry. Armour bet him he wouldn't break 85. Clarence Budington Kelland made an individual match with him for a fair-sized Nassau. Kelland and I had a match against

Your home is right behind home-plate when you hear the umpire yell "Pl—lay ball!"

The Crosley radio line for 1941 runs from $7.95 to $149.95. It includes table models, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations with and without automatic record players, home recording devices, frequency modulation sets, portables and auto radios . . . The model illustrated has American broadcast and international short wave bands, personal tone control, five tubes and ballast, for A. C. or D. C. and is priced at $19.95. Prices slightly higher in the far West and South.

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THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · *Powel Crosley, Jr., President* · CINCINNATI, OHIO

THE HOME OF WLW, THE NATION'S STATION · 70 ON YOUR DIAL

Henry and Grantland Rice, and I bet Henry that Kelland would beat him.

When we finally reached the first tee, the weight of all those bets made Henry's knees bend. At least, something did, for as he took his stance to drive first on the tee, his limbs were visibly shaking and he was murmuring a sort of prayer to himself.

He faced a treacherous stretch of land ahead—a narrow fairway guarded on the right by a lake, on the left by trees that would have done credit to an African jungle. And for three minutes Henry stood frozen.

Finally he drove. The ball went sailing straight down the middle of the fairway, landed 260 yards ahead, and rolled on for several feet.

Without a word his companions turned and started for the clubhouse.

"Hey! Wait a minute," wailed Henry. "Where are you going?"

"Going to play bridge," he was told. "It's raining too hard for golf."

And all the pleas and tears that poured forth from Mr. McLemore couldn't make them return.

"I never hit a better drive than that in my life," he wailed through the evening, "and I not only didn't get a chance to play my second shot but I left a brand-new ball out there in the middle of the fairway!"

Frank Craven, the actor, will fool you with his short drives and the long putts he sinks with uncanny precision. Raymond Guest, the polo player, will risk life and limb in an international match one afternoon, and stand quaking over a two-foot putt the next day. Gene Tunney just doesn't care a cuss what he scores in his impatience to get to the next tee and lay his broad back against a drive. Frank Crowninshield, editor and publisher and man about town, claims he once saw a man hit three balls into a lake and then throw in his club, his bag, and, when his caddie began to laugh, the caddie too.

"But the horrible part was that the caddie couldn't swim," Crownie concludes, "and my friend had to jump in and pull him out!"

Such are the little things that make golfers wild.

THE END

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH MUSSOLINI

The frank revelations of the woman whose love for Il Duce led her to shoot the Count de Chambrun. A startling disclosure from behind the black curtains of Fascist Italy, by

MAGDA FONTANGES

Coming soon in **Liberty**

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

Lil: Arthur—that's a horse, not a hearse! Put some *pep* in it!
Art: Aw, Lil! I didn't wanta be an actor.

Aunt Patty: Lil, it's a plain case of no *pep appeal!* I'll bet he doesn't get all his *vitamins.* Come over to my house and I'll show you lesson number one—a lesson entitled "KELLOGG'S PEP."

Aunt Patty: And don't let him forget it, Lil! Right in that crisp wheat-flake cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of *two of the most important vitamins,* the ones our diets are most likely to be deficient in, vitamins B_1 and D.
Art: Holy smoke, Auntie! It's *delicious!* Why haven't you told us about it before?

Art: You know, KELLOGG'S PEP and those other vitamin foods she told us about might make a lot of difference in me!
Lil: From now on, my handsome hero, you're going to be the most vitaminized man in Suffolk county!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep [illegible]

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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BACKWASH OF BLITZKRIEG

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ THE MORTAL STORM

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Frank Morgan, Robert Stack, Bonita Granville, Irene Rich, William T. Orr, Maria Ouspenskaya, Gene Reynolds, Russell Hicks, William Edmunds, Esther Dale, Dan Dailey, Jr., Granville Bates, Thomas Ross, Ward Bond, Sue Moore, Harry Depp, Julius Tannen, Gus Glassmire. Screen play by Claudine West, Anderson Ellis, and George Froeschel, based on the novel by Phyllis Bottome. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 100 minutes.

IN view of the tragedy shadowing Europe, this filming of Phyllis Bottome's novel has a singular courage. In fact it has nearly all the courage of the author's convictions. If it is dated, it is because even Hollywood cannot keep up with a blitzkrieg.

Here you see what happens to a German professor, amiable, tolerant, and beloved by his students and his family, when the Nazi creed sweeps his homeland. Professor Roth has Jewish blood in his veins and you see his family—there are two all-Aryan sons of his wife by a previous marriage—torn apart by a bitter ruthlessness.

Directly the picture is the story of three: the professor's daughter, the young Nazi she is to wed, now a storm trooper, and a gentle boy of the soil who cannot bring himself to join the march of Nazism. But there is no escape from the tragedy of ruthless thinking.

The Mortal Storm was written in 1938, before the stride of fast-moving events had swallowed up Austria, had changed the map of Europe. It is a panorama of hysteria—but it is intensely moving. Best of the performances is contributed by Frank Morgan as the professor who, in a few short months, finds himself shunted from a schoolroom in a small university in the German Alps to the hatred and isolation of a concentration camp.

Excellent, too, are Margaret Sullavan as his daughter and James Stewart as the young farmer who treasures freedom of thought above all else. Effective, also, is Robert Young in the role of the student caught up in the march of Hitler.

Something to think about.

VITAL STATISTICS: The ski stuff was taken in the Sun Valley and was difficult. John Arnold, M-G-M camera chief, devised a kind of sled with three runners. Two cameras were mounted on these ski dollies, partially controlled by cables at a peak of the mountainside. Front runner, to which an eighteen-inch knife blade was attached, steered the sled, prevented skidding. The cameramen frequently hit a speed of ninety miles an hour. . . . A waterproof camera house was created for the concentration-camp rain sequence, plate glass on two sides giving the camera a wide range of focus. Awnings prevented rain splashing on the glass. The house, watertight, moved about on wheels, an air line bringing oxygen into the camera compartment. . . . The Freda bob worn by Margaret Sullavan is a throwback to the Dutch bob of some years ago. Varies in being softly curled rather than having straight hair. May start a real vogue. . . . Margaret Sullavan chews gum between scenes. Always letter-perfect in her lines, because she studies 'em at home. Married to Leland Hayward, one of the nicest and most intelligent agents in Hollywood. They live in Brentwood, have two small daughters.

Two haunting tales of dark yesterdays come bravely to the screen

Maria Ouspenskaya and Margaret Sullavan in The Mortal Storm, a drama of love and war.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ THE GHOST BREAKERS

THE PLAYERS: Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, Richard Carlson, Paul Lukas, Willie Best, Pedro de Cordoba, Anthony Quinn, Tom Dugan, Lloyd Corrigan, Paul Fix, Virginia Brissac, Noble Johnson, Robert Elliott, James Flavin, Emmett Vogan, Kay Stewart, Douglas Kennedy, Robert Ryan, Jack Hatfield, Grace Hayle. Screen play by Walter De Leon, based on the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

EXCITING spooky escapist melodrama.

Paulette Goddard inherits a haunted horror-ridden estate, Castillo Maldito, on Black Island, off the Cuban coast. It seems that there's a silver mine under the castle. All sorts of evil influences set up shop to scare the lovely Paulette into selling her inheritance. Somehow or other Bob Hope, as a radio announcer, gets shut in one of her trunks and carried along. So it's Paulette and Bob against a sinister manufactured voodoo. Zombies, who aren't drinks but horrible somnambulistic humans under some sort of weird hypnosis, stumble about the cobwebby old castle, organs moan, apparently without human touch, trap doors flop folks into dark limbos below, there are crypts filled with caskets and skeletons.

All this moves with speed and a glint of humor now and then. Mainly it is tightly geared eerie melodrama. If you liked The Cat and the Canary, you will like this several shades—and I mean shades—better.

VITAL STATISTICS: Scream specialist Grace Hayle furnished some of the bloodcurdling sounds for this goose-pimples special. Has a wide repertoire ranging from "when a woman sees a mouse" to "when a woman sees a murder." . . . Paulette Goddard appears here with her hair two inches longer than ever before. Was letting it grow for her Indian role in Cecil De Mille's Northwest Mounted Police. . . . Those candles that Paulette and Bob carried didn't give off enough light. So one John Mauch tiptoed fifteen feet ahead, out of sight of the cameras, holding flashlights on their faces. . . . Anthony Quinn was born in Chihuahua, Mexico. Raised in Los Angeles. First good role in The Plainsman. . . . That's a real covey of bats—thirty-five, to be exact—hired for the occasion. Their owner rents 'em out. Usually they'll fly into a strong light flashed at the far end of a stage. Temperamental, however.

★ ★½ THREE FACES EAST

THE PLAYERS: John Wayne, Sigrid Gurie, Charles Coburn, Spencer Charters, Helen MacKellar, Roland Varno, Sonny Bupp, Wade Boteler, Trevor Bardette, Russell Simpson, Charles Waldron, Wendell Niles. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert, Joseph Moncure March, and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Produced by Republic. Running time, 79 minutes.

ANOTHER angle on the backwash of the Hitler blitzkrieg. Here a famous Viennese surgeon and his daughter arrive penniless on our shores, are invited, after a radio broadcast, to take up their new work in a lonely town in the desolate dust bowl. It's all pretty disheartening, with human hopes being obliterated by the never ending dust, but Dr. Braun sticks it out; helps these hard-bitten pioneers to find a new home in the Far West. Not as migratory workers but as honest farmers.

Charles Coburn is excellent as the surgeon. Sigrid Gurie is interesting as his daughter. John Wayne really acts, as the town leader trying to find a way out of dust and chaos.

VITAL STATISTICS: Trying to keep pace with Herr Hitler caused this to undergo repeated rewriting during its filming. The shooting took two and a half months, with time out for John Wayne to do Dark Command. . . . Dust stuff shot back in the San Fernando Valley. Claim 925 tons of authentic stuff was wind-blown. . . . Film slips in showing Columbia's We the People being broadcast from Radio City. . . . Sigrid Gurie is the fair Norwegian who was born in Brooklyn. But Sigrid was taken back to Norway as a child, grew up there.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

★★★—Susan and God, All This and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night.

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40 ANSWERS

By H. V. Kaltenborn

to his questions on page 44

1—To aid the small contingent of police in this Dutch New World colony to prevent sabotage by the crews of numerous interned German ships.

2—Eight—Poland, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and France.

3—They are off the Dutch coast and belong to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Germany can now make them bases of air and submarine attacks against Britain.

4—Neutral Switzerland has French cantons adjoining France, German cantons adjoining Germany, and Italian cantons adjoining Italy, their inhabitants speaking the language of their neighbor Power.

5—The Dutch East Indies.

6—Neville Chamberlain, in his radio speech of resignation as Prime Minister, thus referred to the Nazi leader.

7—The Hague Convention of 1907 prohibited "the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other similar new methods." Later agreements exempted "open cities." By this is meant cities not used for military purposes. It has been found impossible to agree on any precise definition of the term "open cities."

8—Winston Churchill, Neville Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Clement R. Atlee, Arthur Greenwood.

9—He urged Americans to read the proclamation issued by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands when her country was invaded.

10—Malta and Cyprus occupy strategic positions in the central and eastern Mediterranean.

11—A mine that explodes automatically when steel-bottomed ships pass over it. It has been used freely by the German navy in British waters.

12—King Carol of Romania has been ruling over this one-time Russian province in north Romania, which for years has been coveted by the Soviet Union.

13—A British naval base in the Orkney Islands, north of England, already subjected to several attacks by German aircraft and submarines.

14—Field Marshal Hermann Goering is named as first in the line of succession. Vice-Nazi-leader Rudolf Hess is second.

15—It has been announced that the Vatican has received assurances from all belligerents and potential belligerents that their air forces will not attack the city of Rome. These secret assurances were sought and given when it became evident that Italy would enter the war. Any attack on Rome would offend Catholic sentiment throughout the world. Since the city of Rome is unimportant from a military point of view, it is not likely that these assurances will be violated even if Italy enters the war.

16—Because the sister of King Leopold III of Belgium, the Princess Marie José, is married to Crown Prince Humbert of Italy.

17—It is the new interior capital of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese government and has been repeatedly raided by Japanese bombers.

18—Benito Mussolini, leader of Fascist Italy.

19—The Polish Ukraine and former White Russia are incorporated with the Soviet Union. Danzig, the Polish Corridor, Polish Silesia, and other former German territory, are incorporated with Germany. The rest, sometimes known as Congress Poland, is a German protectorate.

20—Greenland. President Roosevelt has announced that this Danish colony is covered by the Monroe Doctrine.

21—Spies and saboteurs who are sent into a country to prepare co-operation with an invading army from abroad. General Franco first used this term in speaking of his active supporters in the city of Madrid while the Spanish capital was still controlled by the Republican army. Disruptive propaganda and sabotage have played an important part in the Nazi invasion of foreign countries.

22—Great Britain occupied these Danish islands in the Atlantic soon after Germany occupied Denmark.

23—It is the center of an important oil-producing district on the Caspian Sea in Soviet Russia and would be subject to air attack if Soviet Russia entered the war against the Allies.

24—Robert Sherwood's There Shall Be No Night, produced by the Theatre Guild.

25—This important Finnish city was ceded to Soviet Russia by the Russo-Finnish Peace Treaty of 1940.

26—The overwhelming endorsement of the Liberal government of Prime Minister Mackenzie King and its administration of the war.

27—An arm of the North Sea between Norway and Denmark where much naval action took place in the World War and in this war.

28—The Suez Canal. She wants to own more shares and to name more directors of the Suez Canal Company so as to reduce the canal tolls.

29—The Gulf of Finland, a strategic waterway leading from the Baltic to Russia's most important seaport, Leningrad.

30—A name sometimes applied to the countries bordering the Danube between Germany and the Black Sea. Danubia includes Hungary, Yugoslavia, Romania, and Bulgaria.

31—The Dutch government was transferred to London the second week in May, two days before the Germans marched into the Dutch capital.

32—Turkey signed an agreement with Britain and France to maintain the status quo in the Balkans and to go to war under certain conditions.

33—The city of Sedan in northern France, near the Belgian and German frontiers. It was the scene of Napoleon III's decisive defeat by a Prussian army on September 1, 1870. It was the most advanced position reached by American forces just before the armistice on November 11, 1918. It was the point where German forces first penetrated the outer defenses of the Maginot Line on May 14, 1940.

34—Until 1946, when complete Philippine independence becomes effective by law unless the Philippines request and the United States consents to a postponement.

35—At this writing, the major part of it is based on the Hawaiian Islands in mid-Pacific in order to be ready for a possible threat in the Far East.

36—If Spain as well as Italy entered the war against Great Britain, this artillery would menace British control of the Strait of Gibraltar, since it covers the entrance from both sides of the strait.

37—The revised Neutrality Law of the United States provides that belligerents must pay cash for war materials and carry them away in their own ships.

38—The United States offered no objection when French and British soldiers and sailors were sent to support the small police force of the Dutch West Indies after Germany invaded the Netherlands.

39—The Belgian Congo, with an area of more than 900,000 square miles and a population of 10,250,000, is one of the richest colonial areas in Africa.

40—Radio. Each belligerent country uses it extensively to send out news and propaganda. It also plays an important part in land, sea, and air fighting.

The man who turned Hollywood UPSIDE DOWN

David O. Selznick and Vivien Leigh, the girl he finally chose to play Scarlett O'Hara.

Like father, like son—A lively close-up of a film pioneer who staked $4,000,000 on one picture

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HE was thirty-eight the other day, one of the youngest producers in Hollywood, yet he led the biggest film adventure since D. W. Griffith took pictures out of two-reelers with The Birth of a Nation. David Oliver Selznick is the man who dared spend four million dollars making Gone with the Wind.

Selznick could not slow down after Gone with the Wind. So he made one more picture, Rebecca, the Daphne du Maurier story, with the English director, Alfred Hitchcock. Rebecca played for six weeks—and to over $550,000—at the Radio City Music Hall. This is that theater's all-time record, breaking the five-week-run mark set by Snow White. There is every indication, too, that Rebecca will be second only to GWTW across America as the outstanding success of the year.

Right now Selznick is taking time out. He is taking what he calls a vacation. He is planning a great production built around Joan of Arc. After that, he may film the life of Christ. Anyway, he has no intention of resting on his laurels. In Hollywood laurels have an exceedingly short life.

To know David Selznick you have to know a little about his father, Lewis J. Selznick, who came to America from Russia as an immigrant, changed his name from Zeleznick, settled in Pittsburgh, went into the jewelry business. The name change was made to fit his own pronunciation of Zeleznick, which was always Selznick. Lewis Selznick was an outstanding success in the jewelry business, but he found it too slow-moving. He drifted to New York, drifted into the early movies. There the drifting stopped. He had found his goal. He became a stormy petrel of the strange new business of films; his mercurial ups and downs were fantastic. On Monday he would be wealthy; on Tuesday he would be broke. The following week he would be back in the money again. He was reckless, daring, courageous, foolhardy.

David Selznick can be better understood through the pioneering spirit of the father. The elder Selznick was the first man to bring stage stars to

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

the screen, the first to espouse a regular program of feature-length pictures. He started the World Film Corporation without a nickel, was the first to bring Wall Street money into the picture business. Within a year he ran the World Film Corporation into a two-million-dollar company. When the bankers quarreled with him about transforming the New York Hippodrome into a first-run theater, he quit World Film. He started Selznick Pictures Corporation, organized Select Pictures for distribution, within two years acquired his former company, World Film. Selznick, Senior, ran his paper profit up into millions, eventually went broke because he couldn't stop expanding and because he refused to take in any partners.

It was the senior Selznick who started the association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, and engaged Will Hays, fresh from the Harding Cabinet, to head it. Dozens of the elder Selznick's innovations on production, exhibition, and distribution are today basic rules of the business.

BEFORE the elder Selznick came to New York, two sons were born to him, Myron and David. Both have achieved their places in the picture business. David was born in 1902, was trained in every phase of the motion-picture business by his father. Some of his first experience came when he supervised the Selznick newsreel. Even there, as a boy, he showed ingenuity and promise.

He wanted to make the newsreel different, and he persuaded Will Rogers, then a comedian in the Ziegfeld Follies, to prepare—for nothing—a set of comments on current events each week. Since films were silent then, these were used in type form in a hundred feet of film. "We sold Rogers on the idea that it was great publicity," reminisces David. "Pretty soon he came to us and said, 'A hundred dollars or no more humor.' That wasn't so funny, but we paid. It was right after that he started syndicating his humor."

Young Selznick was the first to use fashions in newsreels. He utilized cartoons, by Tony Sarg, on political and news events. Throughout the reel he kept a newspaper format, with captions in varying sized heading type.

The younger Selznick next broke into the Hollywood production world. Bit by bit he climbed the production ladder. He brought Katharine Hepburn to films in the first Bill of Divorcement. Fred Astaire was a footlight luminary but David Selznick made him a screen star. William Powell was a budding star but it was Selznick who clinched his position with Street of Chance. In this he gave Kay Francis her first leading role. More recently he made three new stars, Vivien Leigh, Joan Fontaine, and Ingrid Bergman.

In 1930 he married Irene Mayer, a daughter of Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, uniting two celluloid hierarchies. He produced on the Metro lot, but the task did not prove an easy one. David Selznick doesn't take orders easily, even from a father-in-law. In fact, he doesn't take them at all.

Selznick makes pictures in a strange and intense fashion. He is a tremendous worker, his studio days are jammed, disorderly, endless. He can't stop himself rushing into every department of his organization any more than he can brook control from any one. He is gracious but dictatorial, a slave driver of every one, including himself.

Ask David Selznick how he came to make Gone with the Wind in its almost four-hour length and its

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Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T

$4,000,000 cost, and he answers, "Frankly, I don't know. Must have been out of my mind." Then he adds, "Nothing ever will seem hard to me again."

He goes on, "I felt there was no adequate way to make it shorter. Of course I was worried about the outcome. Scared is a better word. I'll never forget our first preview at Riverside, California. The picture ran for four hours and twenty-four minutes. I sat dictating millions of notes to my secretary, Barbara Keon, my alter ego. It was from these notes that we later trimmed the picture to 20,300 feet or three hours and 45 and one half minutes. The Atlanta première? I was beyond being worried then. Just plain dumb."

You can take Selznick's word for it, GWTW is making money. "It quickly went over its costs," he says. "It has, in fact, made an enormous profit—but, even so, a profit that has been greatly exaggerated.

"GWTW cost four millions to make. Exactly $4,069,000, I believe, was the figure. Between that item, the advertising, cost of prints, the distribution, and so on, the film had to hit nine million dollars at the nation's box offices before it could break out of the red."

Selznick's next production will be built around the life and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. He believes he has an ideal Joan in Ingrid Bergman, the young Swedish actress he brought to the screen in Intermezzo. "I think Bergman will make the most memorable Joan of all time," he says. "She has talent greater than any one suspects. She has the rare quality of purity, the spiritual appeal, even the figure for the role of the peasant girl who became one of the great of history."

How does Selznick go about such a production? "I bury myself in the story, I get seeped in the role," he says. "I make myself expert in that character.

"My Joan will be in technicolor. I shall employ a French director. Whom, I don't know yet. But I feel a Frenchman can best get the real feel of the story, best capture the flavor."

How will Selznick "seep" himself in the historical research? He is going on what he calls a "vacation." "I am trying to find a house away from everything," he goes on. "Possibly in Connecticut. I shall have my wife, my two boys, Lewis J. and Daniel, who never have been outside California, with me. They can fish. I hope there will be an old swimming hole close by. I'll stay there and read and rest until I get bored. Maybe two, three months. I may outline the story, do a rough script."

Selznick's plans for filming the life of Christ are still nebulous. He has not, as reported, purchased Sholem Asch's The Nazarene.

"The life of Christ needs doing now," he said. "It is a challenging, tremendous theme. It should make the biggest of all possible films—indeed, the most needed one right now in a world gone mad. I shall approach it carefully, when I have nothing else on my mind; take a couple of years to work it out. Right now I am tired. GWTW took a lot out of me."

SELZNICK says the only person who will work as intensively as himself is a woman, Katharine Brown, who is his chief aide in New York. It was Miss Brown who persuaded Selznick to give up $50,000 for the movie rights to GWTW, the highest price ever paid for a modern novel that had not yet achieved overwhelming success. When the purchase was made, GWTW had been accepted by the Book of the Month Club and it appeared to be headed for great popularity. But no one could foresee the heights which this popularity would reach.

At the same time Selznick says he would "like to give credit to John Hay Whitney for having told Miss Brown, when I was nervous, that, if I didn't want to buy GWTW, he'd buy it personally and hold it for me. All of which caused me to tell her to go ahead.

"Nobody in the picture business," says Selznick, "ever has had a more courageous and loyal partner and associate than Jock Whitney, who stuck with me, particularly through GWTW, and without whom I never have taken an important step since forming Selznick International. I don't think Jock ever has gotten nearly enough credit.

"In connection with this mention of Jock, I'd like to make clear that he was one of the backers but not the only backer of GWTW. There was a good deal of bank money in it."

Want to know the real and authentic story of Vivien Leigh's discovery, as Selznick tells it? There have been dozens of versions.

"We had tested hundreds for Scarlett," he says. "Nobody was quite right. Yet I was confident the right girl would appear. We even started shooting without a Scarlett.

"We were burning Atlanta. It was night on location in Hollywood. I was watching the shooting when my brother, Myron, tapped me on the shoulder. Now, Myron is Hollywood's outstanding agent by a million miles, and he is, incidentally, a partner in Selznick International.

"'I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara,' he said to me. I swung around, and there was Vivien Leigh. Honestly, I almost swooned. There was a girl who looked exactly what I had imagined Scarlett to be. Next day we made elaborate tests, shot four extensive scenes. Those convinced me, if I needed convincing. But before I signed her, I sent the test to Jock Whitney. He agreed enthusiastically.

NOBODY believed I would dare put an English girl in the role. But there was no resentment in the South, which cherishes its English ancestry. Besides, Miss Leigh, up to that moment limited to English films, was not identified with other roles. She could become Scarlett without having to live down dozens of characters fixed in the public mind."

Anyway, Selznick took the chance —and won.

Here let me quote a very fine statement of David Selznick: "There are times when it seems awfully silly to be patting one's self on the back about this kind of work," he confesses. "I'd like to say very frankly that any sort of motion-picture success at this time seems very trivial indeed. One of the things I want to do on the farm this summer is to try to sell myself that giving people a little escape from the horrible realities of today through motion pictures is really worth doing. If I cannot sell myself this idea, at least I want to try to figure out if there isn't some way of having motion pictures contribute a little bit more to straightening out today's confusion in values."

Now Selznick is off for his "vacation." Whatever else, he is going to let Hollywood collect itself and catch its breath.

THE END

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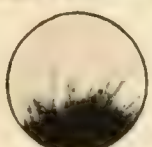

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BY RENA TERRINGTON

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BILL kicked the mud aside with the toe of his shoe. Then he remembered. Mustn't muss up the cuffs of his trousers—no others at home. He recalled halfheartedly Mollie's embarrassed laugh when they had gone to the pawnshop: "Well, we can't open a can of beans with a silver spoon!"

Mollie. He did not want to think of her. He loved her as few men love their wives. He recalled her as he had left the apartment—ironing, or trying to. She hated it. Poor kid! . . . Now what?

He looked around him. He had reached Madison Square. The benches were full of men down and out though not yet in a lodginghouse. And *he* was Bill Fleming. Star correspondent of the New York Record. Headliner for five years, and out of a job, without so much as a cigarette left in his pockets. His suit looked all right. His shoes—yes, must clean them himself. Wouldn't let the kid do that, although she had cried over them and . . .

And now he would have to go back and tell her there was nothing doing. Good thing they hadn't any kids. Funny the way she loved that darned little mutt they had picked up. Nice little dog, but homeless. Well, they had taken care of him; they had brought him home and made him happy, and perhaps God took things like that into consideration.

Europe seemed a long, long way off now. It was almost six months since Bill had made headlines as the first American correspondent to be bombed. He thought of that day. He remembered the face of a woman who had been suckling a baby. When the bomb hit, she had been staring at him; then . . . He did not want to think of it.

About how he himself had been hit, he didn't remember very definitely. He had only just entered the foyer of the big hotel. The whole building had seemed to cave in, but the sound of it had been deadened by the sizzling of hot wires in his face. He had looked around. The mass that had been women and children — such pretty little blond children— had become nothing but blackened flesh and seeping blood.

Then he had looked down. His trouser leg had been flapping — no, throbbing with the spurting blood. . . .

Then he remembered climbing out. Helping a screaming woman and dragging himself over the pile of flesh that crawled—and sometimes moaned.

There had been light ahead. Light that, if he could only reach it, would mean life and safety. He had tried to crawl toward it. He remembered the man who had tried to drag him out—the voice calling in English: "Bill Fleming! Oh, Bill!"

Funny how that seemed to stick in his mind. Of course some one had taken him to hospital, and later some one had brought him home to America and to Mollie. Naturally; or how could she be doing the ironing in an apartment, and he now on his way back to her to tell her—oh, to tell her that he hadn't got the job?

He had walked a long way. Across the square the lights of his paper's old office glowed brightly. Not that he had ever been there, because he had been hired in Europe from a rival paper. But there it was, in lights bright and welcoming as day: *The New York Record.* Bill laughed aloud with relief. What a fool he was, trying to get a job somewhere else, when all he had to do was to go over there and tell them he was back!

How good it would feel to see them! They wouldn't care if his leg dragged a little. They'd find him something. Mollie—oh, Lord, she'd be so happy! She'd hug that darned mutt and tell him what a lucky dog he was to have a boss like Bill. His eyes filled. Then he squared his shoulders and started for the Record building.

The elevator clanged to a stop. Men crowded out and into the huge city room.

Bill walked over toward the crowd around the horseshoe desk.

"Of all the lousy stinking stuff!" It was Sanders, the young city editor, speaking. "If only we could get a good man over in Europe, we'd have something."

Bill could see the "stuff," the copy. It was all war. But not dispatches such as he had sent. Short official communiqués, brusque, indefinite. He passed his hand over his head, trying to recall something. But a man he recognized was speaking—Finch, the foreign editor, the only man on the New York staff he had met, the man who had hired him in Paris.

Finch was saying, as he read and reread the inadequate copy, "If only —if only— Oh, Lord, why isn't Bill Fleming with us?"

Bill started to push through the crowd around the desk. Then he heard Finch say drearily: "Poor old Bill . . ."

The editor turned away, his last words being lost.

Bill pushed harder. The men around him seemed to close in. He saw Finch head for the door. He ran after him. He knocked people aside, raced downstairs into the street. Shouted, almost screamed. . . .

But Finch did not turn round.

Bill Fleming walked back across through the crowd of Broadway sight-seers. He could not understand. He must have done something wrong, that Finch did not want to talk to him. He could not think what it could have been.

The cool rain fell on his upturned face. His bum leg didn't hurt much. Mollie would be waiting.

What was it Finch had said about him? "If only Bill Fleming were with us . . . poor old Bill. . . ."

Then he knew suddenly what it was Finch had said as he had turned away: "Poor old Bill—but Bill's dead!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BERNARR MACFADDEN
EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

NINTH WEEK

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE!

WHEN you have selected the quotation from the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in this issue of Liberty to enter upon Coupon 9, clipped from this page, you will be but one entry removed from the finish line. Next week Coupon 10 will complete the series. If you have carried along your entry to this point, by all means follow up your advantage and finish out the game. Your chance to win one of the major awards is still excellent. Don't let inattention rob you of your opportunity to add a substantial amount of cash to your late summer budget.

And don't plan to prepare an elaborately decorated entry. Simplicity is best. Decoration and fancywork will not add a single point to the final rating of your entry, which will be judged solely on the basis provided in the Rules.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 9 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

ARE YOU "FLYING BLIND"?

LACK OF TRAINING is a "fog" that has caused thousands of human "crack-ups." If you're just wandering aimlessly—hoping you'll land in a good job—your chances are mighty slim!

Why not get the sound training that will fit you for a secure, responsible position in your chosen field? The International Correspondence Schools offer home-study courses in more than 400 business and industrial subjects, prepared by practical experts and kept abreast of modern developments. Among former I. C. S. students are the president of a great air line and many others whose names are symbols of success.

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WE HAVE NO ARMY!

GOVERNORS ISLAND, N. Y.—Yesterday I had a chance to read General Bullard's article in June 1 Liberty on our lack of an army. Just a line to congratulate him and let him know that I think it is fine. — *H. A. Drum* [*Commanding General, First Army and 2d Corps Area*].

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—GENERAL BULLARD'S ARTICLE IN LIBERTY MAGAZINE JUNE FIRST IS AN ENLIGHTENING "FOLLOW UP" ON HIS STATEMENT OF

General Bullard

FACTS PUBLISHED IN LIBERTY ONE AND TWO YEARS AGO IN WHICH HE URGED IMMEDIATE PREPARATION IN FIGHTING PLANES AND MECHANIZED ARMIES. REPUGNANT AS IT IS TO THE AMERICAN CITIZEN, AND THE GRIEF WE ALL SHARE WITH ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE OF EUROPE BECAUSE OF THE TYRANNICAL SITUATION IN WHICH THEY NOW ARE INVOLVED, IT IS ENCOURAGING TO FIND OURSELVES AWAKENING TO OUR SITUATION HERE. OUR OBSERVATION OF OUR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN HAS BEEN THAT IT TAKES THEM A LONG TIME TO WAKE UP. BUT, WHEN THEY DO, LOOK OUT, PROVIDING THEY HAVE GUNS, AIRPLANES AND TANKS.—ALVA J. NILES [*Brigadier General of Reserve*].

DETROIT, MICH.—We Have No Army! (June 1 Liberty), coming at this time, is even more impressive than other of General Bullard's writings I have read in the past. The calmness and lack of exaggeration of this article should go home to every thinking person.

Much has happened since this article went to press, and what is said in the article and what is left unsaid, coupled with recent events, should stir up the American people to the realities of their own perilous situation.

Liberty is doing a fine work in bringing these facts, as written by General Bullard, home to Americans.—*Wesson Seyburn* [*Lieutenant Colonel in World War*].

YPSILANTI, MICH. — I enjoyed General Bullard's article in Liberty very much, and took the privilege of passing my copy, at the office, around to several of my friends, who were also pleased to obtain this sort of information from one who *knew*. I was very pleased that he did not confuse the issue with "on hand" and "on order." — *C. B. Arnold* [*Lieutenant Colonel, Sig. C, Mich. N. G., Signal Officer, 32d Div.*].

EL PASO, TEX. — General Bullard's articles are always of great interest, and by informing the people of a situation that they do not realize, they will do much good. The present war scare will probably wake us up to some of our national weaknesses, not all of which are military.

I am on the roads much of the time, generally near the border, three thousand miles this trip. There are hundreds of men, generally young, traveling back and forth on the highways and on the freight trains, brokenhearted, misanthropic, dirty, hungry, and ragged, nowhere to go and nothing to do. We see pictures in the magazines of men in Europe drilling, well clothed, well fed, and making strong healthy men. How much better! We should get them off the roads, put them in camps under military control until they can get work. The CCC camps are a good thing, but they can be carried farther—more discipline and more education and some vocational training. — *H. H. Taft.*

MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF STATE, LANSING—It was with real pleasure that I read General Bullard's article in Liberty, and in connection therewith feel that he has exemplified the real soldier.

It was my pleasure to serve for four years and nine months in the regular army, nineteen months overseas, and to have served the Veterans of Foreign Wars for two years as Commander of Wayne County Council in Detroit.

I hope Bullard will continue his impartial survey of our army in future articles and thereby awaken our country to the need of an adequate national defense.—*Harold L. Harvey* [*Chief Investigator, Southeastern Area*].

ARLINGTON, N. J.—My sincere congratulations on We Have No Army! in June 1 Liberty.

The youth of Hudson County are taking a sudden interest in the C. M. T. C. The quota is already oversubscribed. The army enlistments are also perking up.—*Othel Baxter* [*Major, Cavalry Reserve*].

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I want to compliment General Bullard most highly on his article, We Have No Army! I have always held the opinion that the article he had in Liberty a year ago last October in connection with the need for airplanes had much to do with bringing a foundation for activity along that line; however, the results and the reactions were slow, and are nothing like the results that will follow reading, on the part of the public, of the present article. — *Fred Blair Townsend.*

[A flood of letters of similar import were received by General Bullard and ourselves. We hope to give you more of the returns later.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

DIM-EYED

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Broadway Business, by Alec Rackowe (June 15 Liberty) is the best short story I have read in years. It left me dim-eyed. It's got something besides mere words.

Let's have more of this kind. —*Arthur N. Oviatt.*

RED FLAG HALF WHITE

BEACHWOOD, N. J.—Flags used to indicate obstructions are solid red. Half white and half red would be more conspicuous, especially at night, and they would remove unpleasant impressions, especially at this time. Good idea, yes?—*Native Born.*

BORN SOUTH OF LONGITUDE?

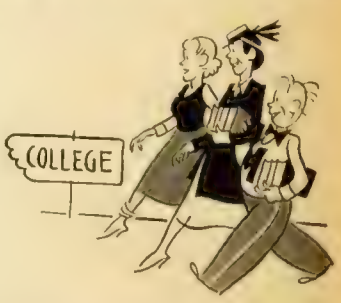
EAU GALLIE, FLA.—While reading June 1 Liberty, cover to cover as usual, I noticed something in the first paragraph of the article, I Married a Latin, that I couldn't resist calling your attention to.

Will you please ask the author, Grace Hegger Lewis, if she will explain how any one can be born south of longitude 45 degrees? Although my knowledge of navigation is meager, I admit, that is an impossibility.

She undoubtedly means south of 45 degrees *latitude!* —*Adger Smith, First Mate, Schooner Altair.*

NEVER TOO OLD

BANDON, ORE.—Moms Has Her Face Lifted (June 8 Liberty) is the best article I ever read in your magazine. College after middle age is the



newest and most sensible idea I've heard in years.

Hurray for Sarah Torrance!—*Durelle Hill.*

"Revival of the square dance would be beneficial to all," advises Dr. Edwyn E. Melby of Los Angeles, California. "Let's get behind it."

'L' OF A DIFFERENCE!

VERMILION, OHIO—Would like to point out that in June 22 Vox Pop in The Language of Postmarks, Vermilion, Ohio, is spelled with only one *l*. It gets its name from the

river, and the river got its name from the red clay which the Indians used to use for war paint. You know there is an 'L' of a difference between one *l* and two *ls*.—*Paul J. Brissel.*

THE BRIGHTER THE FLY—

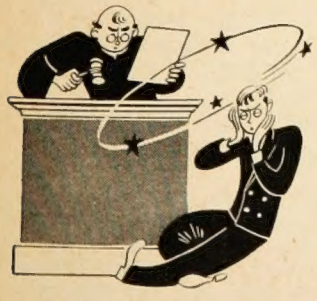
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Attention, Mr. Emmett Bristol (June 15 Vox Pop): The brighter the "fly" the more apt the fisherman is to get a nice big trout, no? Well, Mr. "Bigmouth Bass" Bristol, for your information, the Communazis use the same flowery resolutions and innocent-sounding propaganda to catch you poor fish as do all other fishermen. It is after you have swallowed hook, line, and sinker that you find yourself in the skillet. So it looks like you are fast becoming, or have become, a good candidate for a "Red" hot frying pan.—*J. E. B.*

LATIN MADE HIM FAINT

MOBILE, ALA.—A judge was holding court to sentence a prisoner guilty of a minor charge. Wishing to be lenient, the judge postponed sentence *sine die*, meaning indefinitely.

"Mercy, judge!"

Then the accused promptly fainted. He thought he had been sentenced to die.—*Alan Illiss.*



¶ **"For one," proposes Bruce Corbin of Guthrie, Oklahoma, "I should like to read an article in your magazine entitled Why Tommy Corcoran?"**

PURPOSE OF EDITORIALS

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—I am writing to express the wish that the editorial, When Laws Encourage Lawlessness (June 8 Liberty), and written by your very able Bernarr Macfadden, could be issued in large bold-faced type and laid on the desk of every senator and congressman in Washington. Its obvious truth and common sense stand out so prominently that any and all who read it can, and should, appreciate it.—*Elmer F. Williams.*

DETROIT, MICH.—I buy Liberty just to read Macfadden's editorials. It's not because I agree with 1 per cent of his stuff, but it's worth spending a nickel to read something one does not agree with; for we never learn anything from the fellow who agrees with us, but there is a chance of learning something from those who hold different viewpoints.—*J. C. B.*

¶ **"A woman can don trousers, smoke, and guzzle beer, and still be respectable" (June 8 Vox Pop). "But," adds Anne Morton of Denver, Colorado, "she is *not* a womanly woman—only just a neuter gender."**

MAKE YOUR OWN JOB

CHICAGO, ILL.—Make your own job and then you'll always have one. Try to find out the occupation to which you are best adapted. If you don't know, see a phrenologist.

Go prospecting and try to locate tin, beryllium, chromium, mercury, manganese, potash, platinum, rhodium, iridium, palladium, and many others. I know one gold area, about a thousand square miles, where a young man who wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty and the seat of his pants wet could make ten to twenty dollars a day. Go find it!

In June 1 Liberty, noticing what the young gentlemen wanted to do, only one wanted to be a farmer. I say to him: Study dairying. You can always outthink a cow, for you can sit down and a cow can't. To the others I say: Don't be afraid of getting your hands dirty. Not one of you mentioned aviation, air conditioning, housing, machine-shop practice, mining, engineering, or mechanical pursuits. In the game of life the bases are overloaded with those who want to get on the pay roll.

There are jobs everywhere. It takes forty mechanics to keep one airplane up in the air. Don't look for soft snaps—"hitch your wagon to a star."—*J. P. M.*

WHALE OF A LAUGH!

WINCHESTER, MASS. — In Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's June 1 To the Ladies! mention is made of several gentlemen who have confessed they would like to get away from it all, were it not for their domestic obligations. That handed me a whale of a laugh. Is it really their obligations, or might it be their thinning hair, potbellies, and greed for the little woman's steak dinners that prevent them from going off alone for a fresh start?

Wives are people, too. Would the gentlemen object to a lady's company on their hegira? In spite of being happily married, having three children, middle-age spread, and dishpan hands, I'd like to get away from it all, too. Tell them to *wait for me!*—*Mrs. K. M. Johnson.*

WHEN A DOG SHAKES

VULCAN, MICH.—I suggest that Mr. G. A. Hinkle (June 15 Vox Pop) brush up on two things: his knowledge of dogs and his reading of Terhune, whom he quotes as an authority. To be more specific, if he will read Chapter XII of The Man in the Dark, by Albert Payson Terhune, he will find Terhune using the argument—in a murder case—that a left-handed master will almost invariably have a right-handed dog, as in A Dog Tells All, by Stuart Twardy (April 27 Liberty).—*F. M. Dunn.*

¶ **"After reading Vox Pop I am so riled up that I roam around for hours, doubting that the human race actually exists at all," writes Tom Hibbens of Los Angeles, California.**

"All right! That's enough practicing for today!"

Gandhi Writes a Letter to Hitler

FULTON OURSLER

THAT IS NEWS. In Liberty next week we are able to publish a communication from the great leader of India's millions to the Chancellor of the Third Reich. This letter, to which Gandhi never received an answer, is disclosed by the dark Mahatma in an extraordinary article which he calls Why I Cannot Hate Hitler. Does this title mean that Gandhi is sympathetic toward der Führer? Does the spiritual guide of all India not want Great Britain to win the war? Not at all. Gandhi specifically declares his sympathy for England in the struggle. More, by his letter to Hitler he makes it perfectly clear that he puts squarely on the shoulders of the German dictator full responsibility for the European catastrophe. He specifically says that his letter "shows my belief that it lay in the decision of one man alone to permit Europe to remain at peace, however uneasily." Yet Gandhi says he cannot hate Hitler. Does this sound like a paradox? Faced with the war, Gandhi reaffirms in Liberty his one basic belief. He has written many important articles for this magazine, but none more arresting or thought-provoking than this sturdy statement of his faith.

BY CABLE, as I write these lines, the most electrifying and saddening story of this war is coming into our office from Robert Low, American war correspondent and recently an ambulance driver in France—an eyewitness account of the French army's collapse which reveals facts that have been in none of the newspaper dispatches. Somehow he got it past the censor. It will be published next week and I am sure will greatly interest you. And so will a lively feature that will test your knowledge of Broadway, its dens and denizens—A Quiz by Walter Winchell. There will be a first-rate sports article by John Drebinger called Who Wins the Ball Games? Our prediction is there will be a lot of scrapping about this one. Among the fiction, we especially recommend The Midnight Ride of Mr. Pope, by Walter Brooks. That means, of course, that Ed, our talking horse, is back again. Ed is by way of becoming a national institution. His comments on life, his caustic mirth, his impatience with the frailties of humankind and their lack of decisiveness in moments of stress have endeared him to all Americans who know good horse sense when they see it. Another good short story is called 'S Wonderful! by William R. Cox. The War Days of Queen Elizabeth will give you an interesting glimpse of how the Queen of England has spent her time since the Empire went forth to battle. More exciting installments of Who Killed This Woman? by Harriette Ashbrook; Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; and the smashing climax of Wolves in the Windy City, by Edward Doherty, together with all the regular departments and features, make up an extraordinarily fine issue.

SALMAGUNDI: For many years I resisted reading a book called The Education of Henry Adams because it was overpraised to me. Now, having read it, I feel it is one of the finest of American books. On the night of the French surrender I read in it the following passage, written at the beginning of the century: " . . . Paradox had become the only orthodoxy in politics as in science . . . either Germany must destroy England and France to create the next inevitable unification as a system of continent against continent . . . or she must pool interests. Both schemes in turn were attributed to the Kaiser. One or the other he would have to choose." . . . Mr. Adams was a farseeing man. . . . One of Mr. Macfadden's former health students, Dr. Arne L. Suominen from Finland, recently ran a forty-mile race with a horse. It happened down in Charleston, South Carolina, in behalf of the Red Cross and Finnish Relief. . . .

SOME OF the most unappreciated men in the United States are the redcap porters in the railroad stations. Right now they are having rather an uncomfortable time of it, with new regulations that regiment their fees and clutter up their tasks with a lot of useless tagging and checking. For many years it has been my lot to be an almost constant traveler. These men have served me literally thousands of times, and in all that experience I have never known one of them to be uncivil, grumbling, or unwilling to be accommodating. They are self-respecting men. Many of them of long years' service, dealing all the time with people at their most nervous and cantankerous peak, the confusion of arrival and departure of trains. This is a salute to a body of men whom I admire. . . . Thanks to Seumas O'Brien, poet and sculptor (he makes the most charming leprechauns ever seen), for a plaque, and especially for writing: " You look more like one of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy than an American man of letters. I grew up around Cork harbor, spent most of my early years on the water, and when I saw your photo I wanted to go back and go yachting again." For the benefit of Seumas, let me add that I thank God every day for the nugget of Irish ancestry of which I boast. . . . Mrs. Henry James, chairman of the Finance Committee of the American Friends of France, Inc., writes: " The condition of the refugees in France is appalling and growing worse, as cables from Miss Anne Morgan constantly state. They are in dire need of everything. This is an urgent appeal for funds so that we may buy at once the supplies that France so desperately needs." The address of the American headquarters is 3 Sutton Place, New York. . . . The Writer's Digest of Cincinnati recently conducted a contest for short short stories, and three of the prize winners have recently appeared in Liberty: Dr. Kilbourne's Candlesticks, by William Benton Johnston; Sugar on a Rag, by Marjorie Carter; and The Sentimental Horse, by Mollie Gibbons. . . . Editor H. E. Winters of the Hilltop News, written, edited, and published by inmates of the Michigan Reformatory, sends me a copy of his interesting magazine. I was glad to see this lively little publication. . . . Thanks to the City Council of the City of Minneapolis, which on June 14 officially thanked us for the article on this page: A Short Short Visit to Minneapolis. . . . From the New York Herald Tribune's advertising columns: " Brooklyn cemetery. 150 acres. Good opportunity for the right people." Who says America is not the land of opportunity?

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY H. R. McBRIDE

The Busiest Room In The World

THERE are rooms thronged daily by thousands. There are rooms where one man, sitting alone, puts fear in the footsteps of millions. There are rooms of switches, rooms walled with flickering lights, rooms filled with the clatter of news on its way. But busier than a city room on election night, more important than the dictator's audience chamber, is the American living room.

Here, the destinies of the family—and the country—are decided . . . "Do you think we'll be in the war? . . . What time did Mary get in last night? . . . Who will the Republicans run? . . . What about this girl young Jack is going around with?"

Here, where Junior's allowance is paid out, is the actual—if unofficial—Treasury Department. Here, not in the Oval Room or the Senate Cloakroom, is the true seat of government in America.

You who read Liberty are aware of your responsibilities. Liberty has helped you to be informed, to know what is going on. It has been Liberty's purpose to arouse understanding of the outside forces which affect the happiness of the people in *your* living room . . . to redefine the privileges and duties of being an American . . . to provide you with the materials for your decisions as Americans.

Liberty

"...and a Coca-Cola"

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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES